

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

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Sunday, May 15, 1932



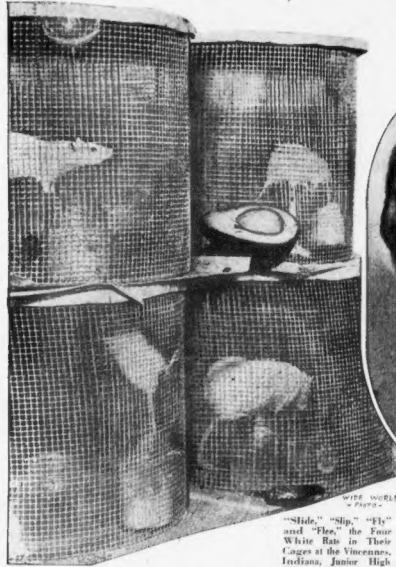
Enchanting Fairyland Lovers

By the Distinguished English Artist
Edmund Dulac

TA-KHAI AND THE BIRD FENG—

TA-KHAI, Prince of Tartary, dreamt one night of a beautiful Princess. On waking, he painted her portrait; then wandered everywhere showing it and asking all he met whether they knew her. None did. Despairing, he was about to kill himself. The Bird Feng, a marvelous creature of magical powers and a feathered perfect lady as well, appeared to him and asked him what was the matter. He showed her the portrait. She recognized it as that of the Princess of China. The Bird Feng carried Ta-Khai to the wall of the Princess's garden and taught him how to make bamboo pipes whose music would fill the heart of the listener with love for the player. Ta-Khai piped. The Princess sent for him. He found his dream girl all he had hoped—which is luck almost nobody else ever has. Whenever he thought her love waning, he piped to her and it flamed afresh. When she had doubts, she piped to him with equally satisfactory results. If the secret of Ta-Khai's pipes had not been lost there probably might be no need of our divorce courts—unless, of course, the pipes got stolen.

Using Rats in Classroom To Study Foods



Children Observed in the Rats the Effect of Proper and Inadequate Diet.

WHEN Miss Letta Wampler, teacher of home economics in the Vincennes, Indiana, Junior High School asked the Board of Education to appropriate the money for four white rats and grant her permission to keep them in her classroom, some of the board members thought this unusual request a bit too "pro-

gressive," not to say silly. What possible use could a teacher of the science of home-making make of rats? Miss Wampler got her rats, however, and she has done such a good job of teaching the value of nourishing food and the danger of improper food, by studying the rats, that her idea is attracting the attention of educators all over the country.



Miss Letta Wampler, the Teacher of the Home Economics Class, Who Converted the Idea of Using Rats in the Classroom.

What Miss Wampler set out to do—and did—was to show her class of future wives and mothers exactly what would happen to them, their husbands and their children if they didn't serve the right food, properly cooked. There are many text books which have a great deal to say about vitamins and calories, but to this teacher, the facts seemed didactic and dull presented this way. That's why she got the rats.

At the start of the course, Miss



These Pupils Have Been Appointed Official Caretakers of the Rats and Are Very Proud of Their "Pets."

Wampler put her quartet of white rats on her desk and explained that rats react much the same as human beings to the food they eat. Food which is bad for a boy or a girl is also bad for a rat. Food that keeps a rat healthy and husky will do the same for a human being. She pointed out that the rats were all of the same age and in the same physical condition.

Day after day the girls of the home economics class prepared meals. Some of the food they cooked was served to the rats. Two of the rats were fed on what might be called the great American diet—meat, potatoes, white bread, and coffee. These animals became nervous and irritable. They didn't sleep well. Soon they began to look thin and scraggy.

The other two rats were fed plenty of green vegetables, fresh fruit and milk, in addition to meat. They gained weight steadily. Their eyes were bright and they frisked around in their cages. They radiated pep. It did not seem possible that they could be brothers and sisters of the weak, sickly-



A Careful Record of the Weight of the Rats Is Made Every Day.

looking rats, named Slide and Fly by the girls who were intrigued with the idea of actually seeing what happens when rats—or humans—eat good food combinations, or the opposite. The healthy rats were nicknamed Slide and Fly.

So popular did Miss Wampler's method of demonstrating the value of proper food become that her rats were exhibited in other of the city's schools and at several meetings of citizens who developed a sudden interest in diet and rats.

Strange Reunion of Orphans

FIFTEEN years ago Victor Dawson and his sister, Mary Alice, were being raised far in the State Orphanage at Abilene, Kansas. The rules of the institution were such that they couldn't spend much time together, but whenever they could they took walks about the institution's grounds and painted bright word pictures of what they would do when they were old enough to go out in the world together.

One day Mary tearfully told her brother that a family had adopted her and that she was to be taken away. She couldn't tell him where. All she knew was that her name wasn't to be Dawson any more. When the papers were signed she would become Mary Chamberlain.

After the girl went away from the orphanage her brother lost track of her and with the passing of the years the memory of his childhood days with her became dim. After several attempts he gave up trying to locate her.

A few weeks ago Victor Dawson was walking along the street in Pittsburg, Kansas, when his eyes fell on a young woman whose resemblance to the pictures of his mother was so startling that he stopped and stared at her. The young woman, somewhat embarrassed by this unexpected public behavior on the part of a stranger, stopped too.

"Excuse me for seeming so bold," said Dawson, "but you look so much like my mother that I couldn't help speaking to you. Is your name, by any chance, Mary Chamberlain?"

"Yes, it is," the girl exclaimed, "and you must be Victor." Then, forgetting that they were on a busy street, they held each other in a long and affectionate embrace.

Mary Chamberlain is now a school-teacher and was in Pittsburg attending a session of the State Teachers' College. Her brother has decided to enroll at the same institution and will spend as much time as possible with his long lost sister.

Penalty of Fame



Miss Amy Johnson, the British Ace of Women Flyers, on Her Arrival Recently in Tokyo. Was Greeted by General Nagatsuka, the Minister of Aviation, and His Famous 20-Inch Mustache—a Well-Intentioned Ordeal From Which There Was No Escape. The General Is Shown Behind the Mustache in the Photo Above.

Treasure Hunters Worry Government

BURIED treasure alleged to have been hidden in various sections of this country by Captain Kidd and other swashbuckling pirates, until recently has been the cause of considerable worry and expense to the Coast and Geodetic Survey of the Department of Commerce.

It had been the practice of the Survey, when locating sites for its hydrographic and magnetic stations and determining the elevation above sea level of given points, to set out at appropriate points its various reference markers.

Formerly these markers were concrete or cement blocks which were buried in the ground in an upright position, with the top only remaining bare. Usually these were covered with dirt and twigs to lessen the possibility of discovery.

The presence of a few characters on the top of the posts—characters that were meaningless to the layman, though they told their story to the men connected with the Survey—gave an air of mystery and antiquity to the posts and moved persons possessed of vivid imaginations to suspect they marked the hiding places of buried treasure. In feverish haste and with great secrecy they dug up the posts in the hope of unearthing a fortune—and were rewarded for their labors by nothing more valuable than a hole in the ground and a concrete block.

Evidently intent on making the best of a bad bargain the treasure hunters put the posts to various uses. Some were used as anchors for boats, others as doorsteps for cabins, and at least one served as a headstone in a lonely graveyard. A resident of Florida had 23 of the markers, worth \$5,000, made into a unique bake oven.

Now the Coast and Geodetic Survey uses circular bronze tablets in place of the alluring concrete markers. Each tablet bears an inscription indicating its purpose and a warning that a \$250 fine, imprisonment, or both, will be meted out to anyone who tampers with or removes the object.



Mary Alice Dawson, Whose Resemblance to Her Mother Resulted in Her Dramatic Reunion With Her Brother After a 15-Year Separation.



Victor Dawson, Who Met His Sister, Quite by Accident, in Pittsburg, Kansas.

"Spirituals" From Etruscan Tomb

WITHIN the past few years, archaeologists seeking new knowledge of the ancient Etruscan race, which had reached a remarkably high state of civilization before it was conquered by the Romans three and a half centuries before Christ, have unearthed enough relics to fill a large museum. But it was only recently that they had the rare good luck to come upon four little bronze figurines which far surpass in conception and workmanship all similar examples of Etruscan art.

These sculptures, which were taken from a tomb in the Province of Broglio, appear to have been the work of some

genius whose imagination and talent equalled that of the best Greek and Roman sculptors of his day. They are called "spirituals" because they, obviously, were buried with the dead to play the role of spiritual companions on the mysterious journey beyond the grave.

Unlike many of the earlier and cruder creations of Etruscan artists, these splendidly wrought "spirituals" have a refinement of line of which a sculptor of the present day might well be proud. Particularly striking is the manner in which the faces of the figurines are given human and individual expression.

The scientists believe that they have made a priceless find in the four "spirituals" and that they have, perhaps, salvaged for posterity the entire inspired output of an artist who far surpassed his contemporaries in talent, who was years ahead of his time in conception and technique, and who probably for ever will remain a masterpiece of genius.



A Beautifully Made Protective Divinity Found by the Archaeologists in the Etruscan Tomb.

Another Figure Dug Up at the Same Time Is Evidently That of a High Priestess.

Distressing Happenings Along the "Gay Riviera"

A Lion Breaks Loose at a Fashionable Restaurant, Gamblers Ruined at the Casino Killed Themselves, and Other Tragic Suicides Spoil the Season



Inflamed by the Lights and Noise, the Angry Lion Climbed the Bars, Closed Through the Top of the Cage and Leapt Out on the Floor Where the Most Fashionable Men and Women of Riviera Society Were Gathered at a Banquet. Facing the Beast Were Lady Asquith and Other Notables.

PARIS, May 5.

THE season which is drawing to a close on the gay Riviera has been marred by a series of distressing events which have made that region a good deal less gay than it is supposed to be.

An angry lion broke out of a cage at a noted restaurant in Cannes, while some of the most fashionable and distinguished women in Europe were dining and dancing there. For a few minutes there seemed a possibility of a catastrophe so shocking to contemplate—an encounter between an enraged wild beast and the fine flower of civilization.

The next day at a nearby resort the daughter of the former President of Finland tried to kill her lover and killed herself in a projected double suicide. She also had gambling losses.

A few days later Mrs. Ella Bjorkman, wife of an American author, committed suicide at Nice, as a result of losses at the gaming table, as she wrote.

All these distressing events happened in the area of which Nice, Cannes and Monte Carlo are the most important points, and which draw their prosperity largely from their gambling tables. Many other incidents of a somewhat less spectacular character have also helped to deepen the atmosphere of gloom. Never were the gambling casinos in greater need of patronage, and the things that have been happening are a good illustration of the saying that it never rains but it pours.

The Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, adjoining the Municipal Casino of Cannes, one of the most luxurious establishments at the resort, was giving the great entertainment of the season—a gala dinner and ball. To make it very thrilling and original, a troupe of fierce Abyssinian lions and lionesses were to perform in a cage in the dining room, while the fashionable men and women were dining and dancing.

Conspicuous among those present was the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, the widow of England's Prime Minister and one of the most remarkable memoirs. Then there was Lord Louis Mountbatten, cousin of the Prince of Wales, and his wife, the richest woman in England.

Another distinguished figure was Mrs. Paul Dubouset, formerly Jean Nabh, noted as the best dressed and most extravagant woman in the world.

Others were the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, the Prince de Chimay, Count Lady Salm, former husband of Millicent Rogers, and a host of others well known in European and American society.

The lovely Negus dressed in barbaric splendor, gear in hand, seated on a throne, ordered his slaves to make the beach and lionesses perform. The daring Sarah Caryl was the principal lady tamer, Olympia Bradsha and the archaic Hadd and Roy were the unhappy Christian captives. The trainer with his whip ordered the beasts to take their places on the stools provided for them. Most of them obeyed with a disgruntled air.

But one of the lions was not resigned to civilized life. The sight of so



The During Madame Sarah Caryl, Principal Lion Tamer, Who Directed the Exciting Work of Driving the Lion From the Dining Room Back to the Cage.

many beautiful women in low-cut, jewel-covered evening costumes, the lights, the smell of food, the strange sounds of modern music maddened him. Uttering blood-curling roars, the tawny beast sprang to the top of his cage and with a few strokes of his mighty paws clawed his way through to freedom.

A panic struck the crowd of diners who had been laughing and flirting a moment before. Some rushed to the door, but only a few could get out. It seemed as if a shocking disaster must happen.

"The big yellow cat landed among the tables with a mighty roar," says one of the spectators. "Women screamed, several fainted, tables were knocked over, china and glassware crashed. But Lady Asquith, who is notoriously unimpressed by lions, arose and calmly advanced on the marbling intruder. 'Play! he ordered the band,



The Luxurious Municipal Gambling Casino of Cannes, Adjoining the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, Where the Lion Episode Happened.

and 'Happy Days Are Here Again' beat on the air.

"Lady Asquith looked at the lion, and the lion looked at Lady Asquith, and probably no one will ever know what passed between them. But finally the trainer of the lion came into the room and drove him into his cage."

Madame Paul Dubouset, who is a woman of spirit, a striking figure and a born leader of men, also performed valuable services in calming the frightened gathering. She told them to be quiet, as noise, shrieking or sudden movements would increase the beast's fury.

The work of securing the lion was a difficult one and an exciting operation. An electrician was ordered to throw a strong light into the animal's eyes. A hose was also turned on him. Confused and terrified, he did not know which way to turn. Thus the danger that he might deliberately leap upon some woman, whose brilliant costume had caught his eye, was lessened. Then the trainer and her assistants three times around the lion and he was dragged into his cage. Soon the frightened ones were dancing to the strains of Billy Arnold's "Novelty American Jazz Band." Considerable regret was expressed over a number of fine dresses torn and spoiled in the excitement.

The suicide of Madame Kristi Martonson, daughter of the late Dr. Stahls, President of the Republic of Finland, was the most serious tragedy that has lately overshadowed the gay Riviera. This tragedy happened at a hotel at beautiful Cap d'Al, which is near the border of the tiny principality

of Monaco. Madame Martonson, a charming blonde of true Scandinavian type, was the wife of Colonel Martonson, of the Finnish army, a man of prominence in the army and in public life in Finland.

Recently she leased an apartment in Paris, and the Colonel having important affairs at home left his wife much of the time by herself. In any case she was an independent sort of woman and was busy with a project of starting a great department store in Finland, which was to have interesting French and American features. Shortly after Christmas, feeling the need of a warmer climate, she went to the Riviera.

There she played at the gambling tables of Monte Carlo and lost, as most people do. Although her gambling losses were not the chief cause of the tragedy of her life, it is likely that they added to her desperation. At the tables she met a good-looking young Turk, the Prince Ben Ayah Salik, who was also gambling. He expressed sympathy with her bad luck, and this led to a friendship which progressed rapidly.

The Turkish Prince became madly infatuated with the blond northern woman, as frequently happened to men of dark-skinned races. She returned his affection, but the affair did not make her happy. She became sad and moody and avoided her many friends of the Scandinavian colony. The Prince was a member of a family that had held the highest offices under the old Turkish Empire for centuries and had become faithful followers of the new Republic and prominent citizens of it.

The Prince was a scientist and was supposed to be taking a post-graduate course of scientific study at Grenoble, in France, when he met the blond Madame Martonson at Monte Carlo. He too had felt the need of change of air and scenery, and unluckily for him his desire for excitement led him to the gambling tables. The Prince had a retiring Turkish wife and a little girl of ten somewhere in the background, but not usually on view, for Turkish wives do not expect to be taken to gambling rooms and casinos and rectitude is said to be a national trait. However, this case seems to show that they have more rights than is commonly supposed and that perhaps they are not altogether different from wives in other parts of the world.

The Turkish Princess ventured to ask her husband why he was staying away from home so much. "I have been to the Casino," he admitted.

"What—three days and nights running?" asked the Turkish wife. "Really the Turkish Prince broke down and confessed his affair with the blond Nordic airc. All these details have been gathered from the Prince since the tragedy. He ran away from his wife and sought Madame Martonson. Once in her society, he succumbed completely to her charms and promised to do everything she asked.

"Do you wish to give me up?" The poor man seems to have shown much unwillingness to do so.

"Then you must give up your wife and come with me," said the Nordic woman.

The unfortunate Prince was driven nearly insane by the conflict of his emotions. His passion for the Finnish woman was unconquerable, and yet his conscience was too good to permit him to desert the faithful companion of years. He returned to his wife for a time, and then Madame Martonson summoned him to a last meeting in her hotel.

She told him that if they could not live together, they must die together. In other words, they were to commit a double suicide. Practically out of his mind, the Turkish Prince consented. After a last, long embrace, Madame Martonson pointed to her revolver and shot herself near the heart.

As she fell back mortally wounded she handed the revolver to her lover to shoot himself. But the sight of suffering and approaching death had changed his views. He ran towards the door and cried for help. Seeing that he was not going to keep his bargain, the dying woman had the merciless courage and determination to take the revolver from him and fire a shot into him. Fortunately for him, her falling strength upset her aim slightly.

The Fashionable Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, Next to the Municipal Casino, Showing the Cage from Which the Angry Lion Escaped.

Then she fired another shot into herself and fell back dead. The hotel employees, aroused by the shots and cries, arrived on the spot. The Prince was carried away to the hospital and hovered for a time between life and death, but according to the last report he had a good chance of recovery, although he is likely to suffer permanently from the effects of his love romance.

"I wish I had stuck to my scientific studies, and stayed away from Monte Carlo," moaned the unhappy Prince in the hospital.

Colonel Martonson arrived in a few days and quietly took away the body of his misguided wife.

A pathetic tragedy was that of Mrs. Ella Mae Bjorkman, wife of the American author, Edwin Bjorkman. She slashed her left wrist and drank a large quantity of nitrate of silver in her hotel room at Nice. When she was dying, and never recovered consciousness after her removal to the hospital, where she died in a public ward.

Mrs. Bjorkman left a note saying that gambling losses were the reason for her suicide. She arrived at Villafraanche on the Riviera on March 16, aboard an Italian liner from New York, and played nightly at a local casino for nearly a month. Her losses at bacara were said to have been heavy. As an author's wife, it is presumed she did not have a great amount of money to lose. What the lot was an irretrievable disaster to her.

An example of the minor misfortunes that have disturbed the serenity of the Riviera was the case of Mohammed Amin, a twenty-four-year-old Egyptian student who attacked an old woman and snatched a watch containing \$100 from her. The result of his outrageous lapse from scholastic rectitude is said to be a certain stay at the gambling tables. A crowd caught Mohammed Amin and started to lynch him, but he was rescued and taken to the police station.

Nice has a certain sadism because Mrs. Charlotte Nixon Nirdlinger, the American prize beauty, has apparently deserted the capital of the Riviera, and decided to spend her wealth in America. Mrs. Nixon Nirdlinger owes her husband, a jury of its citizens decided that she had done it in self-defense and acquitted her with every mark of sympathy and French courtesy. Through the decision of an American court she has recently received \$1,000,000 from the estate of her husband. She and her husband had a beautiful villa at Nice, and it was hoped that she would continue to enjoy it many a great deal to Nice, for when she shot her husband, a jury of its citizens decided that she had done it in self-defense and acquitted her with every mark of sympathy and French courtesy. Through the decision of an American court she has recently received \$1,000,000 from the estate of her husband. 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This Is the Palm Oil Industry in Maiduguri. The Women Have Erected a Shelter to Keep Off the Sun and the Terrible Tropical Rains.

NIGERIA, that hot, wet country tucked away in the "corner" of Africa's West Coast, is a sprawling patch of jungle seven times the size of England. Its population, mostly negroes, numbers less than half that of England. That is a statistical way of saying that Nigeria is hardly a congested place where space is at a premium or where there are such nuisances as housing and traffic problems.

It may be that there are a hundred street intersections in the whole country where, for a few hours a day, traffic is heavy enough to require the attention of a policeman. None of these occasionally busy spots are in the village of Maiduguri—yet Maiduguri has its traffic cop who takes his unnecessary job very seriously. A photograph of this Nigerian limb of the leg is shown at the right.

The sign, against which he is standing, is not a revolving "stop-go" signal. It's a stationary guide post indicating the direction people must go to reach

the British Government station and villages with funny names like Duncum and Badesge.

Of course there are a few motor cars in Maiduguri. The British military and civil officials, there to administer Great Britain's protectorate over the country, have cars, and so do a few traders who deal in such products as ivory and palm oil. There never is any danger of these few automobiles getting themselves involved in a traffic jam, but the lanky and turbaned cop likes to think that such danger exists and he goes through all the motions of one of "New York's finest" charged with the important job of keeping traffic flowing smoothly at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

It so happens that Maiduguri is on the route that many exploring and hunting expeditions take on their way to Central Africa and the East Coast, so once in a while the village's lone director of traffic enjoys the privilege of showing visiting white men that his



The Native Traffic Cop in the Village of Maiduguri, West Africa. There's Practically Nothing for Him to Do as the Community's "Busiest Person," but He Likes His Job and Takes His Small Responsibilities Very Seriously.

home town is an up-and-coming community with some of the aspects of such cities as London, Paris and Berlin. The moment his eye falls on the



Natives of the Village Dancing to Celebrate the Arrival of an Oil Caravan.

caravan of an explorer, or a big-game hunter, he goes into action, officially showing barefoot natives off the road and gesticulating more or less wildly until the procession is safely past. He makes the most of such opportunities because it may be weeks before he gets another such chance to give evidence of Maiduguri's progressiveness and to exercise his own authority.

English rules of the road prevail in Nigeria. Traffic does not keep to the right; it keeps to the left. So, though the pose of the policeman indicates that a right turn is to be made, he really is signaling for an approaching vehicle to keep to the left. His long left arm is not showing the way to go, but is barring progress on that side of the highway.

The black residents of the village stand more or less in awe of this cop, who derives his authority from the powerful British Government, and he never misses a chance to impress them with his power. When a dozen or more natives pass his post in a group he shouts and blusters until they align themselves in single file even though there may not be an automobile or an-

other pedestrian within half a mile of the spot.

Not far from his post is the village's palm oil market, where perhaps a couple of dozen chatty women and girls gather every morning and sit until late in the afternoon. They bring their supplies of oil on their heads, in jars and cans, and set up shop by putting these receptacles on the ground in front of them. The traffic cop makes a great trade when the oil sellers arrive in the morning and when they leave the market at night. He waves them into line and casts an eagle eye on the procession to see that no one starts until he gives the word.

It must not be imagined that this seemingly comic cop has a soft job, however, for in his part of Africa the weather is either stiflingly hot and humid, or the clouds are weeping with tropical violence. It is not uncommon, during the long rainy season, for a storm to last for a solid month. Being a conscientious fellow, he sticks to his post through sweltering months and through driving rain, even though there's little for him to do, and his salary is only a few pennies a day.

Mystery of Mixed Mummies

EGYPTOLOGISTS, believing that the mummy and the gorgeous funeral trappings of the Pharaoh Akhenaten had been unearthed in the sands of the valley of the Nile, have been thrown into a furry by the so-called inspirational writings of a young Englishman who calls himself "El Eros." Many of the scientists scoff at the "revelations" of "El Eros," but some of them admit that there may be something in his three published books—"The Teachings of Osiris," "The Book of Truth" and "Chronicles of Osiris"—in one of which he declares that the remains of Akhenaten are still safe in the tomb in which they were laid more than 20 centuries ago. The mummy accepted as Akhenaten's, he says, the corpse of Hmenkaker, Akhenaten's successor on the Egyptian throne.

"El Eros," aside from the fact that the great spirit of the ancient Egyptian deity occasionally forces him to write words which he himself does not pretend to understand, is a normal, athletic young man. During some of his "spells" of writing he put himself in the hands of Dr. Peter Miles, a London psychologist, who believes that the fellow really can't help writing and that the words he writes are authentic information about the Egypt of centuries ago.

Another thing which makes several Egyptologists believe that "El Eros" may be right about the mummies of Akhenaten and Hmenkaker, is the fact that his supposedly inspired writings have included certain information about parts of the Sphinx which for centuries were hidden by sand and excavated on instructions supposedly relayed to "El Eros" by the spirit of the god Osiris.

The young man whose writings have indicated that there is a mixup in the remains of a couple of celebrated inhabitants of ancient Egypt, does not lay claim to being a seer or a spiritualist of any sort. This is another fact that gives his words weight with the men of science.



This Weird Collection of Pets, Promenaded Through the Principal Streets of Downtown Pittsburgh Recently, Was Exhibited in the Interests of Game Protection and Kindness to Animals—and Caused Thousands of People to Stare.

Pet Parade Startles City

NOW and again someone walks along the streets of Pittsburgh with an unusual pet, but never did the good citizens of that community hope to gaze upon such a sight as they beheld a few weeks ago when four good-looking young women—the daughters of H. A. Heinemann—appeared on busy Liberty Avenue with the strangest collection of pets imaginable.

One of the girls had two animals—a early looking billy goat and a frightened looking groundhog (a relative of the fellow who is supposed to come out of his hole and learn the weather of the future by seeing, or not seeing, his shadow). Another of the girls had her arms full of live raccoons and another clung to the end of a tape which extended to the long neck of a huge white goose, who honked and hissed at anyone who tried to get friendly with him. The fourth Heinemann sister clung to a chain to which was attached a red fox which suffered a serious attack of the jitters every time his bright eyes spotted a dog.

Before the young women had walked many blocks they had attracted a crowd of curious followers who would have become a menace to traffic if the girls had not turned in to an exhibit of live animals which the Keystone Federation of Wild Life was staging in the downtown section of the city.

A gentleman of the press, having learned of the strange parade, had joined the crowd before it arrived at the exhibition hall. He spotted a story about a new vogue in pets. The girls explained to him that they had dropped into the exhibit to see their father, who is much interested in the preservation of wild life in Pennsylvania, and that he had suggested that they take some of the animals out for an airing.

The strange parade attracted several hundred people to the live-game exhibit, people who did not know that the Keystone Federation was holding a show to interest the general public in the conserving of wild life. The pets were used to get back to the hall—and so were the young women.

Ancient Christian Mosaics of St. Sophia Restored After 500 Years

FIVE centuries ago, when the Turks overran Constantinople, (now Istanbul), they transformed the world-famous Church of St. Sophia, built by the Roman Emperor Justinian

into a Mohammedan mosque. In this transformation the followers of the Prophet Mohammed followed his precepts to the letter and either destroyed or covered up all evidences of Christian decoration and adornment.

The priceless mosaic of Christ ruling the world, which decorated the huge dome of the edifice was lost to the world when that part of the church was razed. Many other mosaics, known to have

been completed in the year 560, were plastered over with white-wash that they might not offend Mohammedan worshippers.

Certain of these priceless works of art recently were discovered while the interior of St. Sophia was being repaired and cleaned, and the Turkish Government undertook the work of restoring these and locating and restoring all other Christian mosaics in the structure.

The photographs below show three of the best pictures which, under the

expert hand of a celebrated Italian artist, have been brought back to their ancient color and beauty. One of them is a figure of St. Gregory. A companion panel shows St. Dionysius.

These are remarkable examples of an ancient form of artistic expression, but they are simple compared to the mosaic in which the Christian Emperor Constantine is depicted kneeling at the feet of Christ, seated on an elaborately patterned throne. In a circle at the left of the Messiah is the artist's conception of the Virgin Mary, and in an-

other circle, on the other side of the picture, is a representation of the Angel Gabriel.

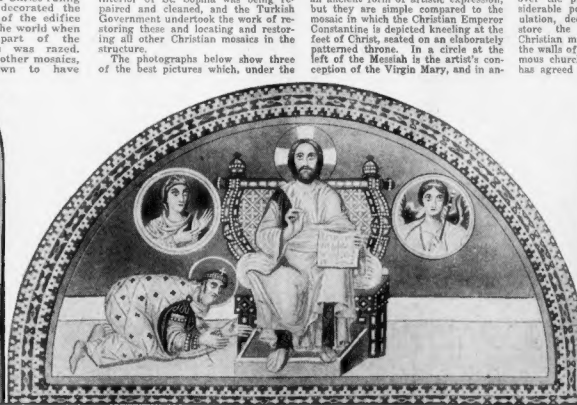
St. Sophia still is used, at times, as a Mohammedan place of worship. So, although the Turkish Government has over the protests of a considerable portion of its population, decided to restore the ancient Christian mosaics on the walls of the famous church, it has agreed that

these decorations shall be concealed by draperies during the hours that the church serves as a mosque.

It has been estimated that the restoration work will cost at least half a million dollars and will not be completed until some time in 1938.



The Restored Mosaic of St. Gregory, Which Has Been Brought Out After the Removal of Paint, Lime and Other Wall Coatings in the Famous Mosque, Once a Christian Church.



One of the Most Striking of the Mosaics Is This of King Constantine Kneeling Before the Glorified Shrine of Christ. The Virgin Mary is Shown in One Circle and the Angel Gabriel in the Other.



Beautiful Mosaic of St. Dionysius, Another of the Sacred Works of Art Which Had Been Hidden For Centuries Under Paint and Plaster. The Turkish Government Is Restoring the Mosaics.

Eddie Conrad, Comedian, and Merry Love Triangle

Behind-the-Scenes Squabbles of the Well-Known Vaudeville Headliner Revealed
When His Divorced Wife and His Four "Lady Friends" Rush to Defend Him
From the Separation Suit of His Secnd Wife Who Says He Kicked

Her Shins and
Hit Her in the
Face With a
Poodle Dog



Eddie Conrad, Diminutive Stage Comedian, at W With His Second Wife.

THE present Mrs. Eddie Conrad is suing her vaudeville comedian husband for separation, mentioning among other items that while they were on stage he used to kick her shins and call her dreadful names when she was trying to be funny to the audience. Also she asserts that he hit her in the face with a poodle dog, which if true was certainly cruel and inhuman treatment to at least one of them.

This is perhaps not surprising, because stage comedians are accustomed to brightening up their divorce cases by such bits of slapstick comedy. But Eddie is more than a comedian; he is a matrimonial strategist who knows how to get women who should be his natural enemies to fight his suit for him. His second wife, Marion Eddy Conrad, names four women she says her husband was too friendly with. A lady so named, if guilty as charged, can usually be relied upon to keep far away from the trial for fear something will be proved on her.

If innocent, she is usually so furious at the husband for getting her name involved in his troubles that she would not throw him a toothpick if he were drowning, and if he asks her to come and testify for him, she says she hopes he spends the rest of his life in some alimony jail.

But guilty or innocent, Conrad's lady friends are ready to do battle for him, and even the first wife, Birdie Conrad, comes to the rescue with a long affidavit, shooting hundreds of hard words at her successor, telling the court the inside stuff about that lady and trying the judge not to give her any alimony. Mrs. Marion Eddy Conrad wants \$300 a week and \$2,000 counsel fees as indemnity for the alleged home-breakers, shin-kicking, dog-throwing, etc. The little comedian thinks he ought to get his freedom from his big red-headed wife free. Anyway, with all this feminine support he ought to put up some powerful resistance.

Birdie, the curiously friendly first wife, has a first mortgage of \$110 a week alimony on the little comedian and since \$8,000 worth of it is in default she could force close any time and put him in jail. As monkeys are about the only comedians who can entertain their public from behind the bars, Ann, one of the three Dennis stage sisters, and one of the four "Lady Friends" named by Mrs. Conrad.

Eddy who for nearly three years had been delighting audiences in England and all over America. On the stage the big red-headed girl made terribly serious love to the suaver-off comedian and if he kicked her shins the audience thought it part of the act. Marion says that it was just the same off stage. The love was all on her side and when she offered a little, it was always a case of numerous lady friends, of whom she mentioned four.

The first of these is Loretta Dennison, a 17-year-old vaudeville dancer whose pet name is said to be "Patsy." Marion offered in evidence a telegram to her husband, which reads:

"DEAREST ARRIVED SAFELY. SO LONESOME FOR YOU. WHITE SOON. LOVE. "PATSY."

To back this up are two photographs

Birdie Conrad, Eddie's First Wife, Who Is Helping Him Fight His Second.



Agnes Francy Refused \$2,000,000 to Return to Her Own Husband, Then Got Mixed Up in the Conrad Matrimonial Row.



Loretta Dennison, Who Sent Eddie Such Sugary Messages, His Wife Charges.

of Loretta, one of which is inscribed:

"To Eddie—In memory of a pleasant week spent in Washington. May we spend many more weeks like that together, Loretta."

The other was "To the sweetest buddy in the world" and with "much love, Loretta." These did not annoy the wife so much as did a slave bracelet, with the letters L. D. engraved on a plate attached to a chain that went around the comedian's wrist. In her complaint Marion says that when she and her husband were playing Washington, D. C., Eddie refused to dine with her and took his meals with Loretta. As a crowning humiliation she relates that he told the newspaperman that he was going to marry Patsy as soon as he could get rid of Marion.

In September, 1931, Marion's summons and complaint sets forth, "I ascertained that the defendant was misconducting himself. I thereupon en-

gaged the services of the Colonial Detective Service. One of the operators found the defendant in his room with a woman identified at the time as 'Miss Frannie' (this Miss Frannie was later named as Agnes Francy). He continued to see this woman although I asked him not to."

This Miss Francy is an unusual woman. She married the very wealthy Logan S. Metcalf of Los Angeles and left him because whenever she displeased him he refused to speak for days at a time and she found that against his silence she could not talk, either. However, his silence was golden because it afforded her a settlement of \$2,000,000 to come back, but this surprising young lady refused it. She doesn't care for money and, Marion says, for clothes either.

Marion Eddy Conrad brings in the names of Cherie and Ann Dennis, two members of a three-sister singing act in vaudeville. She says her husband, under the name of Arthur Davega, occupied an adjoining room to that of Cherie and Ann with a bathroom between which they all shared a tub of communion worthy of the best Bohemian tradition. She thinks he was specially friendly with Cherie.

It took Conrad a month to write his comeback, which is not surprising considering that it was seventy-nine pages long. Also he had collaboration. There was also a lengthy affidavit from wife No. 1. Husband and wife have sometimes been co-authors of fiction. Professor and Madame Conrad collaborated on scientific papers, but this is probably the first time that a former

wife joined pens with her divorced husband in defending him against a reigning wife.

Birdie's affidavit states that she and Conrad were married and divorced, leaving her stuck with two children as against \$110 a week alimony to support them on. This, however, turned out to be more or less "stage money" because she is now destitute, with \$8,000 of it uncollected. She writes:

"I am impelled to make this affidavit not for the purpose of in any way extenuating the injustices which have been perpetrated against me and my children by my ex-husband, but by a desire to attempt to protect my children and myself against any measures employed by the plaintiff (Marion Eddy Conrad) in the action from further jeopardizing our only means of sustenance—particularly in view of the fact that I charge the plaintiff, who is well able to maintain herself by her recognized talents as an actress, to be the direct, responsible cause of the defendant abandoning me and our children and breaking up our home after we had been happily married for over ten years. I further charge that she, in a great measure, has been responsible for my financial ruin by her delinquency in the payment of alimony to me under the order of the court."

Birdie relates that when she first met the lady who was to supplant her she did not dream that Marion was going to "steal" it, however, from the day when she says she found the two together in the same room of a New York hotel. The suspicion was confirmed a few weeks later when Eddie walked out on her, never to return.

Birdie closes her affidavit in defense of her ex-husband with these words: "If it be charged that I am vindictive I would not deny it, and I maintain that I have the right to be so. This affidavit is made only for the purpose of disclosing to the court that the plaintiff is a cunning, diabolical and conniving manner, plotted and succeeded in taking my husband away from me."

Marion Conrad was stunned by this attack from an unexpected quarter, but not for long. Back she came with a counter attack accusing Birdie among other things of negligence in not putting Eddie in jail where all husbands who get behind in their alimony repayments should be kept. She writes: "It is rather unusual for a former wife to make an affidavit in support

of, and to come to the rescue of an ex-husband who now finds himself in another matrimonial entanglement. I presume much pressure and coercion was resorted to, prior to obtaining said affidavit."

"What is her underlying motive in making this affidavit? Why did Birdie Conrad permit the defendant to become indebted to her in the sum of \$8,000 when she well knew that this defendant was earning upwards of \$500 per week; that contempt proceedings could have been instituted and the defendant committed to jail for non-payment thereof, yet no steps were taken by her?"

Recalling a time in 1931, when the first Mrs. Conrad brought the children to a theatre on Long Island to see their papa and his new wife on the stage, she says they all had a pleasant family chat.

"I told her," writes Marion, "that it was impossible for me to get along with Eddie, and she said that she knew all about that—that he was a 'jousy' husband and didn't know how to be a real husband." She told me I was welcome to him.

The four women named by Marion deny anything but the most proper relationship with the comedian and have intimated that when the time comes they will tell the court that the Dennis has already done so in her affidavit quoting Marion as having admitted an affair with Sid Gold, a vaudeville dancer, accused by Eddie of being Marion's boy friend.

In accusing his second wife of misconduct with Gold, Eddie introduced scenes and lives worthy of an old-time A. H. Woods boudoir farce. On finding his wife in the same room with Gold, he claims to have said to him:

"This is my wife, as you know. There are forty with it in this theatre and every one of them is single except my wife. I want you to get away from here and let her alone."

Mr. Gold looked as if he thought the husband's request was not unreasonable, but Eddie says his wife answered: "Why don't you go away and mind your business? There is nothing wrong here."

In Washington, states Conrad's affidavit, from Marion, dressed in pajamas, in the same room with Gold and another vaudeville team—a man and a woman. This woman was wearing a nightgown.

From these and many other alleged occurrences the comedian jumps to the conclusion that Sid and Marion rather liked each other.

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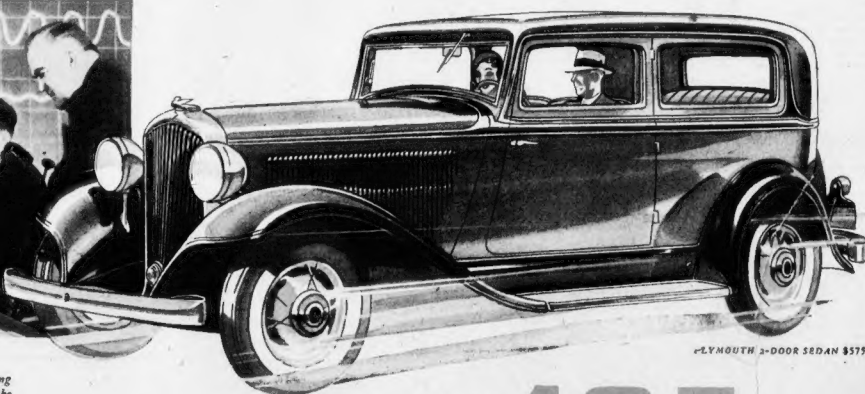
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Do You Think You Are as Good as Your Friends Think You Are?

A Handy Little Mirror Devised by Science Which You Can Hold Up and Compare Your Own Appraisal of Yourself With the Way Others Rate Your Faults and Follies

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph. D., Sc. D.,
F. R. S. A., Director Colgate University Psychological Laboratory,
Hamilton, New York.

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notions.

—ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN the Scotch poet Burns wrote his famous lines, he suspected what science has now definitely proved—that most people think too highly of themselves. Of course, the loud-mouthed, conceited braggart is easily discovered, but it turns out that the quiet, demure person also usually overestimates his or her virtues and underestimates the bad qualities.

Science has devised a simple mirror which fairly well reflects the distorted notions the individual is likely to hold of his qualities, good or bad, and the more accurate picture presented by the estimate of more unbiased observers.

To a marked degree we are all more or less like the mythological Narcissus, who, on seeing himself for the first time as he leaned over a clear pool to drink, became so enamored with himself that he became utterly worthless. He could think of nothing but his great beauty and finally pined away and became a flower. Deluded often-times by our false high opinion of ourselves, we frequently attempt things beyond our capabilities and so become failures.

Illusions as to personal beauty are common enough. History is full of women and men of very plain features who could not see their own ugliness. Now and then a woman is found who has no illusions about her lack of beauty. This Milie Polaire, the French actress, recognized and capitalized her ugliness, emphasized it in every way and made a stage success by declaring herself "the ugliest woman in the world."

Ecstasies is a common fault, and the former Kaiser has been pointed to as the most egotistical man of modern times. Only recently he is quoted as having said that in looking back over his life he could not see that he had made any mistakes, and if he had his life to live again he would do exactly as he had done.

"Dear Brummel, on the other hand, was not so sure of himself. Few people in fashionable British society look at him with the admiration which he carried about with him by heavy doses of perfume. Brummel knew he was right when he persuaded his contemporaries to take a bath now and then, and wear clean clothes. But when the late Harry Lehr introduced new fashions and monkey-shine into Newport society, he was widely laughed at as a clown.



Narcissus Was a Young Greek God Who Saw the Reflection of His Face in a Pool and Became So Enamored With His Beauty That He Pined Away and Died. If He Had Filled in the Questionnaire, He Would Doubtless Have Given Himself a Score of 100 Plus. From Painting by Joes Machard.



Milie Polaire, Who Has No Illusions About Her Lack of Beauty. She Has Capitalized Her Ugliness and Emphasized It in Every Way and Made a Stage Success As "The Ugliest Woman in the World."

faults, and that in the same way we usually come to believe our doctor, dentist, college, automobile, radio or other possessions to be the best, regardless of truth. The psychologists do not deny that this is his good as well as his bad side. They point out that it is what makes for the loyalty that brings support and progress to cities, business organizations and nations; but on the other hand they say it makes for prejudice, conflict, unfairness, cruelty and war. If everyone could judge himself and the other fellow exactly, what a host of misunderstandings, quarrels, disappointments, failures and bitterness might be avoided. Yet most people, according to the scientists, though absolutely honest in intent and absolutely convinced that they are being fair in their judgment of themselves and their friends, are almost always wrong.

One of the most ingenious proofs of this puzzling muddle lies in experiments conducted by Dr. Harry L. Hollingworth, of the psychological department of Columbia University. Now, since it would be extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to get any considerable number of folk to agree, for example, as to who was the most refined, or most vulgar, or most handsome human in the world, Dr. Hollingworth devised a scheme of comparison among groups of people which enabled him to watch their judgments of themselves and others in action, such as our judgments are to be observed in action in the every day business of living. Fortunately, it was a judgment test that anyone can use for himself as well as be shown later. Though the groups involved did not know it until afterward, the professor arranged things so that he was aware of just who

prepared each set of judgments. They thus made judgments of themselves and others just as we do every day.

For the first of these tests the professor selected a group of twenty-five persons well acquainted with one another, if not all friends. These subjects were asked to rate the whole twenty-five as to these qualities: Refinement, humor, intelligence, neatness and beauty, as well as for conceit, snobbishness and vulgarity. They were to put down as No. 1 in refinement, for instance, the member of the group they held to be most refined. If one held himself to be first in that quality, he was to put down his own name first and then grade the rest as No. 2, No. 3, and so on. If they individually judged someone else to be first, others No. 2, No. 3, and so on, and themselves No. 13, for example, they were to set these judgments down in that order. Since they believed the statements were for general anonymous use, and no one ever would know, all boldly proceeded to make the record.

That done, the psychologist and his assistants were in a position to average up the results, and find out precisely the opinion of each one of the

What You Think of Yourself and How Your Friends Measure Your Good and Bad Qualities.

	1—Local Friend	2—Intimate Friend	3—Average of Friends' Estimates	4—Your Own Estimate	5—Over-estimated Yourself	6—Under-estimated Yourself
Humor						
Refinement						
Intelligence						
Sociality						
Neatness						
Beauty						
Conceit						
Snobbishness						
Vulgarity						
Sincerity						
Truthfulness						

Column 1 should be filled in by somebody who does not know you very well. Let your closest friend fill in Column 2.

Mark down your scores on the basis of 1 to 100. If you have almost no sense of humor, give yourself a mark of 2 or 3. If you see the funny side of nearly everything, give yourself a mark of 95 or 96. If you are just about average, put down a mark of 50. Your friends should follow the same method.

Columns 1 and 2 added together and divided by two give Column 3—the average your friends rate you. The difference between Columns 3 and 4 gives you Column 5 or 6.

And why not, the layman may exclaim at this point, certainly such an attitude is natural enough! And so it is. But that does not make the fact that as a result of this over-estimation or underestimation, as the case may be, relatives and friends are put in jobs, or urged into enterprises for which they are by no means fitted, and so doomed to failure and disappointment that may, conceivably, discourage or embitter them for years.

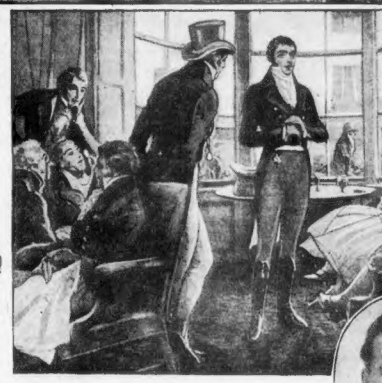
Presenting the other side of the case, the Knight research shows that, as a general thing, a casual acquaintance is better able to size up one's traits and qualities than is a close friend or kinship. The reason being, of course, that in the judgment of friend or kinsman the old handicaps, self love, will get in the way. Your friend or relative is in the mysteriousness of the mind somehow a part of you; any disparagement of him is therefore a disparagement of your self, and you proceed to defend or uphold him in the judgment. Whereas the casual acquaintance is free from the handicap and therefore can make a free judgment, on the basis of fact.

This same thing, curiously, holds true when we try to judge our possessions. These material objects become, through close association and use, extensions of our personality, as the psychologists say. They become all tangled up in our minds with our own ego. To possess good things inflates our ego, or gives us a good opinion of ourselves; to possess bad things reflects upon us and our judgment. So that we make excuses for them, according to psychological principle, and blindly write virtues to them. Thus, even a second-hand car becomes to its owner not just another second-hand car, but one of the best ever turned out of its particular factory.

In still another way, according to numerous psychological experiments, in our judgment of ourselves and of others unbalanced by self love. We are born with, perhaps, or develop some particularly striking ability, such as musical, legal, forensic or inventive talent. This gives us, naturally, a sense of power and capability, and unless we are very much misled and intellectually honest we are apt to imagine that we are exceptional persons all around, and that all our traits and abilities, refinement, neatness, etc., are of the outstanding variety. It does not take a psychologist to point out, therefore, that many persons in the public eye who, because of outstanding success in business, authorship or invention, obviously think themselves authorities in politics, sociology or statesmanship.

On this page is printed a test chart of ability to judge one's own qualities. Anyone can use it to fairly judge his estimate of himself, and also see himself as others see him by carrying out the experiment in his own home.

Let the reader put down his own score of how he estimates his characteristics, good and bad, in Column 1. Then fold under his markings so they cannot be seen, and ask his most intimate friend to get a fair picture in Column 2. Then turn this column under to get a fair picture of his casual acquaintance to mark his estimate in Column 3. The reader then may have the figures, for example, or their friends are more refined, less vulgar, more intelligent or less stupid than they actually are.



"Dear" Brummel Was Justified in His Sense of Superiority Over Other Men of His Time, When He Persuaded Men and Women of Fashionable Society to Take a Bath Now and Then and Wear Clean Clothes.

the average, than that of underestimation. Indeed, so clearly indicative are the results that the conclusion might be taken as showing an average general figure measuring the usual human bias with regard to these particular qualities.

—this general figure being on a basis or scale of 60 numbers, 6.2 over-estimation for refinement, 5.2 for humor, 3 for intelligence, 2.2 for sociability, 1.2 for neatness, 0.2 for beauty, and 1.7 underestimation for conceit. 2 underestimation for snobbishness, and 4.2 for vulgarity. Dr. to put the thing more succinctly, the average human may be said to overestimate his own refinement by about 6.2 numbers on a scale of 60, and so on for the other qualities; and to underestimate his own vulgarity, for example, by about 4.2 on the same scale. Not so long ago, as an instance, a young mechanic appeared to me for help as to how he might become a lecturer on philosophy. He had a weak voice, an uncertain manner of speech and a totally unimpressive presence—about enough to defeat, quite probably, his success in the new field—but when he pointed all this out to him he protested vigorously. He actually believed his voice, speech and presence adequate for the occasion, and was eager to stifle a mighty good mechanic to make at best a very mediocre lecturer.

Now consider the curious way in which this human tendency to exalt our own good qualities and minimize our bad ones extends to our friends, as exemplified by the results of the experiments conducted by Dr. Frederick R. Knight at the University of Iowa demonstrate it does. These experiments showed that almost invariably humans believe their fathers, for example, or their friends are more refined, less vulgar, more intelligent or less stupid than they actually are.

"I like it"



I *hope* I'm a little different from most girls in lots of ways. But I know I'm just like most women in *this* respect. I don't like to be argued with. I don't like to be preached to. And I *won't* be frightened into things! I like what I *like*. And I like a toothpaste with a clean, keen, *refreshing* flavor. I like to know that my dentist approves. And mine does! He says that all *any* toothpaste can do is *clean* teeth. And no toothpaste can do that better than Colgate's. So—I would just like to know *why* I should pay more than 25 cents for toothpaste? That's all I have to pay for Colgate's!



The American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics, has placed its Seal of Acceptance on Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.



25¢

Mysteries of Old Age and Sound Teeth

Science Puzzled to Understand Why the Cave-Dwellers Far Up on the Bleak

Mountains Live to Be 100--And Why the Natives of Tristan da Cunha Island Need No Dentists



Samuel Swain, 75-Year-Old Inhabitant of Tristan da Cunha Island, Who Has a Complete and Perfect Set of Teeth Without a Cavity.

TWO scientific investigations that may yield the secret of how we may live to be a hundred—and how we may have sound teeth at ninety without bothering with a dentist—are under way at two very far corners of the world.

In the loneliest of all lonely islands, Tristan da Cunha, in the South Atlantic Ocean half way between the Cape of Good Hope and South America, a British health inquiry now being conducted has shown that not only do the 156 inhabitants have no diseases, but they have also, for the most part, perfect teeth. There are old men of seventy-five who never saw a dentist and never had a cavity. It is a puzzling discovery, for the inhabitants of the odd little island go counter to every rule of oral hygiene. "A clean tooth never decays," has been widely asserted; yet the Tristan da Cunha folk never clean their teeth. It is a dental anomaly, and the foods are desirable for strong teeth, yet the food of the islanders, mostly fish and potatoes, is all soft. And they live long and healthy lives, and are almost as agile and active at eighty as they are at forty.

And while an expedition is trying to find out why the Tristan da Cunha islanders have almost perfect teeth without taking any care of them, another curious phenomenon is being investigated far up on the wind-swept sides of the Himalaya Mountains in northern India where, it is asserted, a strange colony of dwarfish cave-dwellers living among the mountain crags reach an extreme old age. Why should these semi-civilized mountaineers in the rigorous climate and primitive surroundings and with scanty food supply reach the age of a hundred years or more?

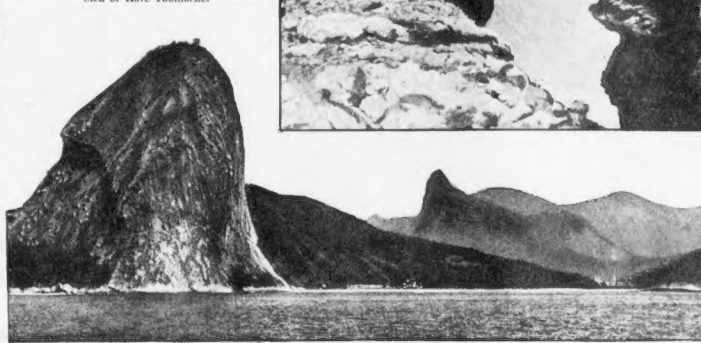
Eleven years ago, during one of her many Asiatic explorations, Miss J. H. Cossley-Batt, English woman scientist, reported the discovery of this lost tribe, nameless and uncivilized, whose members frequently attain the astonishing age of one hundred and ten years and whose women, still more astonishing to state, remain capable of child-bearing even after seventy-five years of age. She found they spoke a dialect of the ancient Chaldean language, and inscriptions on the walls of their caves in Chaldea characters. Having no mastery of the language at that time, though in her extensive travels she had acquired a knowledge of thirteen foreign tongues, Miss Cossley-Batt found it difficult to communicate with the strange tribesmen. Since that time, however, she has made a study of Chaldea, and on her present visit to the Himalaya fastnesses she will be better equipped to study her centenarians and hopes to come back with important scientific data. She believes that she possesses of an ancient Chaldean secret of long life.

On the departure of her expedition from England, Miss Cossley-Batt was accompanied by Dr. Irvin Baird, of Edinburgh, and Montreal, noted as an explorer of the Inca ruins in South America.

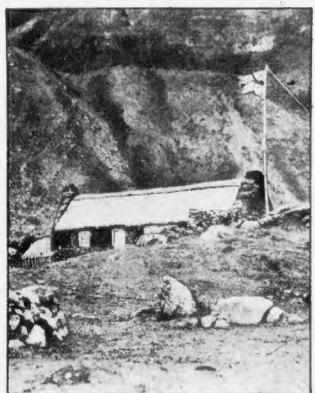
Like the islanders of Tristan da Cunha, the Methuselahs of the Himalaya whom the explorer is revisiting are entirely free of disease. Miss Cossley-Batt found six hundred of them, men, women and children, living in caves at an altitude of fourteen



Primitive Agriculture on Tristan da Cunha Island, Where the Inhabitants Are Rarely Sick or Have Toothache.



View of the Picturesque Little Island of Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic Ocean.



A Church Nestled in a Bleak, Rocky Hillside of Tristan da Cunha Island. From Photograph by Canadian Pacific Steamships.



A Native Residence on Tristan da Cunha Island. From Photograph by Canadian Pacific Steamships.

named "auto-evolutionists" who, by simply willing to live longer than the three score and ten to which mankind seems to have accustomed itself, were able to produce a race of Methuselahs. Their contention was, for instance, that the giraffe attained his long neck, in the course of evolutionary history, simply by stretching and stretching in order to reach the higher and tender buds at the top of a tree from which the giraffe family was accustomed to feed. In the course of time the insistent giraffe had attained a beautiful long neck which he was able to hand down to his children. Similarly, the longevity cult in his play, while not particularly wishing for a long neck, wished so hard for a long life that it was actually attained.

There is really no good reason, Shaw contends, why human beings should have to die, when they have just, at three score and ten perhaps, lived long enough to learn how to live wisely.

Of differing opinion was the famous physician, Sir William Osler, who in 1905 stirred the world by giving his great authority to the statement that a man's best work is done while he is under forty and that he might be chloroformed at sixty to the general benefit of society.

The theory that was to become world-famous as Oslerism was voiced by Dr. Osler at the commencement day exercises of Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, when he said:

"Take the sum of human achievement in action, in science, in art, in literature—subtract the work of men above forty, and while we should miss great treasures we would be practically where we are today."

tive, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty.

"In that charming novel, 'The Fixed Period,' Anthony Trollope's plot hinges upon the admirable scheme of a college into which, at sixty, men retire for a year of contemplation before a peaceful departure by chloroform. That incalculable benefits might follow such a scheme is apparent to anyone who, like myself, is nearing the limit."

The world received this pronouncement with horror, disbelief, and—in the case of many ladies and gentlemen over forty—with scorn. Society has gone right on allowing people to live after sixty, and a great many useful things have been accomplished by a great many citizens ranging in years from forty to upwards.

A curious fact, brought to light many years after Osler made his remarkable declaration, is that a strange sect called "The Underground," living in a remote section of the Ural Mountains in Russia, actually practices Oslerism. In a word, the members of this tribe have arbitrarily fixed the deadline of a man's life at forty years after sixty, and a great many useful things have been accomplished by a great many citizens ranging in years from forty to upwards.

The execution of sentence is accompanied by solemn religious rites. The unfortunate man or woman, on his or her fortieth birthday, is conducted with lighted candles and melancholy chanting to the place of doom. These fortunate enough to be under the fatal age then return to the upper air to celebrate the removal of the useless one, who never again sees the light of day. No guard is necessary to prevent the escape of the condemned, for it is a sincere religious belief ingrained by centuries of practice that this procedure is necessary to attain salvation in the after life. Once the ceremony has been performed and the condemned one escorted underground, he or she is dead as far as the rest of the group is concerned.

There is a second ceremony when the condemned one actually dies. This takes weeks, sometimes months, for the unfortunate is permitted, from time to time, scanty food supplies. A priest of the sect visits the condemned once each week. When actual death has occurred the body is removed from the cellar. With much wailing and lamentation, it is prepared for burial, which takes place in the same underground crypt where the discarded one was originally taken.

Very little is known, almost nothing at all has been written, about these people. The Ural Mountains, a system much extends from the Arctic Ocean southward to the Caspian Sea, separate Europe from Asia. The races of the Ural are practically all mixtures of Russian and Asiatic stock. The "Underground" are believed to be descended from the people who, in the



Scene in the Rugged Altitudes of the Himalaya Mountains Where Miss Cossley-Batt Is Studying the Long-Lived Mountaineers.



Use of the Lucky Old Mountaineers of the Himalayas.



Miss J. H. Cossley-Batt, the British Explorer, who heads an expedition to study the sturdy old mountaineers who live among the rugged Himalaya Mountains in northern India.

latter half of the sixteenth century, occupied Uralia, a province of Asiatic Russia lying north of the Caspian Sea. These settlers, runaway Russian serfs and free Cossacks who did not recognize the authority of Moscow, mingled with the Nogai invaders, a remnant of the Mongol golden horde, and became a new race. In thought they combined the gloomy, melancholy, fatalistic viewpoint of the Russian and the mysticism of the Asiatic, and from this has been evolved their strange belief that death must come to all at forty.

They live under the same conditions—a frugal, healthful open-air life in the mountains—as do the centenarians of the Himalayas discovered by the English explorer, Miss Cossley-Batt. But a difference in mental attitude, a heritage of untraceable mental traits, leaves them uninterested in the prospect of prolonging life, and, on the contrary, leads them to court death at forty.

The hale and hearty old folk of the Atlantic island, Tristan da Cunha, likewise invite an interesting study of the effect of racial heritage and environment on a people's chance for long and healthy life. Not only do they defy dentists and dietitians by having great age, perfect teeth and sound bodies despite the fact that they break all the rules—they also upset the theories of eugenicists who claim that interbreeding produces poor physical equipment.

There are but seven family names on Tristan—and all the 156 inhabitants belong to those seven families, mostly of Scotch, English and American extraction. For over a hundred and fifty years they have intermarried, and the result is the present group of 156 perfect specimens, free of disease, sound of body and retaining their perfect teeth, without decay, until a great old age. One of the dental marvels, Samuel Swain, at seventy-five has all his thirty-two teeth, none with a sign of a cavity. Of the 154 islanders, 131 were found to have absolutely perfect teeth.

The isolation of the islanders is such that the islanders didn't know until 1920 that there had been a World War. They have never seen a ship that had been around to the island to tell them about it, and they had no radio facilities. Many have never seen money, and all trading is by barter and exchange. The farthest flung of all Great Britain's outposts is a dreary, desolate, forlorn locality that before the arrival of a recent ship was without a single calendar, without a single watch, without a single bank note.

Watch, lacking all these things, it has perfect health and perfect teeth—and no taxes. It is without liquor—for the islanders are perfect teetotalers—and no fruits. The diet of the islanders consists of potatoes and fish, milk and eggs. They live in a health-giving climate that has no peer on all the earth's surface. The thermometer—if they have one—drops no lower than 55 in winter and climbs no higher than 70 in summer, which is December to March. For Tristan is far south of the Equator.

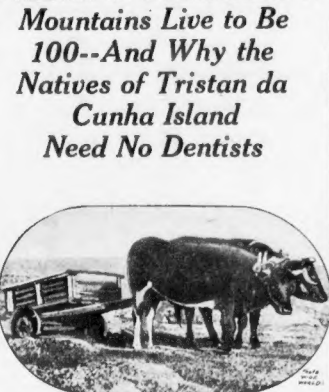
Twice a week all the men of the community climb a 7,000-foot mountain to get kindling wood—Samuel Swain, aged seventy-five, among them. They live a life of enforced frugality, enforced simplicity, and enforced temperance.

Mysteries of Old Age, and Sound Teeth

Science Puzzled to Understand Why the Cave-Dwellers Far Up on the Bleak Mountains Live to Be 100--And Why the Natives of Tristan da Cunha Island Need No Dentists



Samuel Swain, 75-Year-Old Inhabitant of Tristan da Cunha Island, Who Has a Complete and Perfect Set of Teeth Without a Cavity.



Primitive Agriculture on Tristan da Cunha Island, Where the Inhabitants Are Rarely Sick or Have Toothache.



Scene in the Rugged Altitudes of the Himalayas, Where Miss Cosley-Batt Is Studying the Long-Lived Mountaineers.



Miss Jill Cosley-Batt, the British Explorer, Who Heads an Expedition to Study the Murky Old Centenarians Who Live Among the Rugged of the Himalayas Mountains in Northern India.

TWO scientific investigations that may yield the secret of how we may live to be a hundred—and how we may have sound teeth at ninety without bothering with a dentist—are under way at two very far corners of the world.

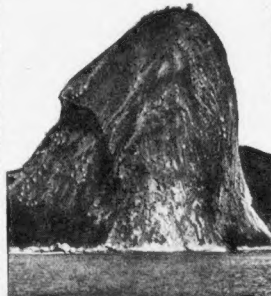
In the loneliest of all lonely islands, Tristan da Cunha, in the South Atlantic Ocean half way between the Cape of Good Hope and South America, a British health inquiry now being conducted has shown that not only do the 156 inhabitants have no diseases, but they have also, for the most part, perfect teeth. There are old men of seventy-five who never saw a dentist and never had a cavity. It is a puzzling discovery, for the inhabitants of the odd little island go counter to every rule of oral hygiene. "A clean tooth never decays," has been widely asserted; yet the Tristan da Cunha folk never clean their teeth. It is a dental axiom that hard, rough foods are desirable for strong teeth, yet the food of the islanders, mostly fish and potatoes, is all soft. And they live long and healthy lives, and are almost as agile and active as eighties as they are at forty.

And while an expedition is trying to find out why the Tristan da Cunha islanders have almost perfect teeth without taking any care of them, another curious phenomenon is being investigated far up on the wind-swept sides of the Himalayas Mountains in northern India where, it is asserted, a strange colony of dwarfish cave-dwellers living among the mountain crags reach an extreme old age. Why should these semi-civilized mountaineers in the rigorous climate and primitive surroundings and with scanty food supply reach the age of a hundred years or more?

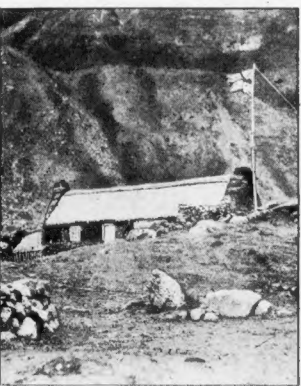
Eleven years ago, during one of her many Asiatic explorations, Miss Jill Cosley-Batt, English woman scientist, reported the discovery of this lost tribe, nameless and uncivilized, whose members frequently attain the astonishing age of one hundred and ten years and whose women still more astonishing to state, remain capable of child-bearing even after seventy-five years of age. She found they spoke a dialect of the ancient Chaldean language, and inscriptions on the walls of their caves were in Chaldean characters. Having no mastery of the language at that time, though in her extensive travels she had acquired a knowledge of thirteen foreign tongues, Miss Cosley-Batt found it difficult to communicate with the Himalayan fatnesses she will be better equipped to study her centenarians and hopes to come back with better equipped scientific data. She believes they are possessed of an ancient Chaldean secret of long life.

On the departure of her expedition from England, Miss Cosley-Batt was accompanied by Dr. Irvin Baird, of Edinburgh, and Montreal, noted as an explorer of the Inca ruins in South America.

Like the islanders of Tristan da Cunha, the Methuselahs of the Himalayas when the explorers are visiting are entirely free of diseases. Miss Cosley-Batt found six hundred of them, men, women and children, living in caves at an altitude of fourteen



View of the Picturesque Little Island of Tristan da Cunha in the South Atlantic Ocean.



A Church Nestled in a Bleak, Rocky Hillside of Tristan da Cunha Island.



A Native Residence on Tristan da Cunha Island. From Photograph by Canadian Pacific Steamships.

thousand feet in the Himalayas. So-called and economically independent, this mysterious people has had for centuries no contact with civilization. According to the explorer they are of little less than average height, inclined to be fair, neither wrinkled, despite their outdoor life, nor become gray with advancing years, and they obtain an age, reckoned in time units of their ancient Chaldean calendar, of 120 to 150 years. The Chaldean calendar, it must be remembered, counted only nine months to the year, hence a hale and hearty tribesman of 150 cannot boast more than 113 years, according to our system of reckoning with the undertaker. But that, as most people will agree, is a pretty ripe old age according to any standards.

George Bernard Shaw, whose play, "Back to Methuselah," is a satirical study of the possible effects the course of evolution may have on longevity, will find comfort in the fact that the Himalayan centenarians are strict vegetarians, for Shaw has for most of his long life refused to eat meats. In "Back to Methuselah," however, Shaw did not dwell heavily upon a vegetable diet as a contributing cause to long life. He conceived of a cult of deter-

mined "auto-evolutionists" who, by simply willing to live longer than the three scores and ten to which mankind seems to have accustomed itself, were able to produce a race of Methuselahs. Their contention was, for instance, that the giraffe attained his long neck, in the course of evolutionary history, simply by stretching and stretching in order to reach the higher and tenderer leaves at the top of a tree from which the giraffe family was accustomed to feed. In the course of time the insistent giraffe had attained a beautiful long neck which he was able to hand down to his children. Similarly, the long-lived cult in his play, while not particularly wishing for a long neck, wished so hard for a long life that it was actually attained.

There is really no good reason, Shaw contends, why human beings should have to die, when they have just, at three scores and ten perhaps, lived long enough to learn how to live wisely.

Of differing opinion was the famous physicist, Dr. William Osler, who in 1905 stirred the world by giving his great authority to the statement that a man's best work is done while he is under forty and that he might be benefitted at sixty to the general benefit of society.

The theory that was to become world-famous as Oslerism was voiced by Dr. Osler at the commencement day exercises of Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, when he said:

"Take the sum of human achievement in action, in science, in art, in literature—abstract the work of men above forty, and while we should miss great treasures we would be practically where we are today. The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty."

"In that charming novel, 'The Fixed Period,' Anthony Trollope's plot hinges upon the admirable scheme of a college into which, at sixty, men retire for a year of contemplation before a peaceful departure by chloroform. That incalculable benefits might follow such a scheme is apparent to anyone who, like myself, is nearing the limit."

The world received this pronouncement with horror, disbelief, and—in the case of many ladies and gentlemen over forty—with jeers. Society has gone right on allowing people to live after sixty, and a great many useful things have been accomplished by a great many citizens ranging in years from forty and upwards.

A curious fact, brought to light many years after Osler made his remarkable declaration, is that a strange sect called "The Undergrounds," living in a remote section of the Ural Mountains in Russia, actually practices Oslerism. In a word, the members of this tribe have arbitrarily fixed the deadline of a man's life at forty years—they believe his usefulness is ended at that age and they do not permit him to wait until sixty to be Oslerized. They have decreed that every member of the tribe who reaches the age of forty must be put to death, not by chloroform, but by slow starvation.

The stone huts of the natives are built over underground passageways, which serve as living tombs for those who pass the age of forty. These cellars are used also as places to pray in, so that from early childhood members of the sect become familiar with the

One of the Holey Old Mountaineers of the Himalayas.

spot where later they are to be condemned to die.

The execution of sentence is accompanied by solemn religious rites. The unfortunate man or woman, on his or her fortieth birthday, is conducted with lighted candles and melancholy chanting to the place of doom. Those fortunate enough to be under the fatal age then return to the upper air to celebrate the removal of the useless one, who never again sees the light of day. No guard is necessary to prevent the escape of the condemned, for it is a sincere religious belief ingrained by centuries of practice that this procedure is necessary to attain salvation in the after life. Once the ceremony has been performed and the condemned one escorted underground, he or she is dead as far as the rest of the group is concerned.

There is a second ceremony when the condemned one actually dies. This takes weeks, sometimes months, for an unfortunate is permitted, from time to time, scanty food supplies. A priest of the sect visits the condemned once each week. When actual death has occurred the body is removed from the cellar. With much wailing and lamentation, it is prepared for burial, which takes place in the same underground crypt where the discarded one was originally taken.

Very little is known, almost nothing at all has been written, about these people. The Ural Mountains, a system which extends from the Arctic Ocean southward to the Caspian Sea, separate Europe from Asia. The races of the Ural are practically all admixtures of Russian and Asiatic stock. The "Undergrounds" are believed to be descended from the people who, in the

latter half of the sixteenth century, occupied Uralak, a province of Asiatic Russia lying north of the Caspian Sea. These settlers, runaway Russian serfs and free Cossacks who did not recognize the authority of Moscow, mingled with the Nogai invaders, a remnant of the Mongol golden horde, and became a new race. In thought they combined the gloomy, melancholy, fatalistic viewpoint of the Russian and the mysticism of the Asiatic, and from this has been evolved their strange belief that death must come to all at forty.

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The isolation of the island is such that the islanders didn't know until 1920 that there had been a World War. A ship had been around to the island to tell them about it, and they had no radio facilities. Many have never seen money, for they do not need it on Tristan. The perfect primordial life, and all trading is by barter and exchange. The farthest flung of all Great Britain's outposts, the island is dreary, desolate, forlorn locality with before the arrival of a recent ship without a single calendar, without a single watch, without a single bank note.

Swain, who is the only thing that has perfect health and perfect teeth, and no taxes. It would not liquor—for the island is incapable of producing grapes or fruits. The diet of the islanders consists of potatoes and milk, and eggs. They live in a health-giving climate that has no peer on all the earth's surface. The temperature is never above one—drops no lower than 55 in winter and climbs no higher than 70 in summer, which in December to March, for Tristan is far south of the Equator.

Twice a week all the men of the community climb a 7,000-foot mountain to get knifed, wood—Swain, aged seventy-five, among them. They live a life of enforced tranquillity, enforced simplicity, and enforced temperance.



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WARRIVB N "AR"

Moved From One Borrowed Tomb to Another, the Screen Star's Remains Are Worshipped by Half-Mad Admirers and His Estate Has Melted Away to Perhaps Less Than Nothing



Valentino Standing in a Doorway of His Bungalow Home in Hollywood. Here He Spent His Homecoming Days With Natacha Rambova, but He Never Returned to the Bungalow After the Separation.

SIX years ago, Valentino, the Italian actor, died in a bungalow in Hollywood. His body was taken by special train across the country to be placed in a crypt of the mausoleum in Hollywood Cemetery. Thousands gathered at railway stations while the funeral train was en route to pay a last homage to the demigod actor. The special train, but not funeral services, was printed in newspapers all over the world and in most every known language.

But now "At Last, over his remains, scribbled upon his marble grave and possibly may never be. To this day, women visit his grave, and some have been known to go so far as to place flowers on it. Some have even been known to go so far as to place flowers on it. Some have even been known to go so far as to place flowers on it.

And while admirers weep, his bungalow, which he had built on a hill overlooking the city, has been sold. The bungalow, which he had built on a hill overlooking the city, has been sold. The bungalow, which he had built on a hill overlooking the city, has been sold.

There he had lived for the last years of his life. He had lived there with his wife, Natacha Rambova, and their daughter, Rudy. He had lived there with his wife, Natacha Rambova, and their daughter, Rudy.

"I am very sorry, Rudy," she said, "but I must go." "I am very sorry, Rudy," she said, "but I must go." "I am very sorry, Rudy," she said, "but I must go." "I am very sorry, Rudy," she said, "but I must go."

The efforts for a memorial apparently ended with complications over the estate. The efforts for a memorial apparently ended with complications over the estate. The efforts for a memorial apparently ended with complications over the estate.



Entrance to the Mausoleum in the Hollywood Cemetery. One of These Vault Contains the Casket and Remains of Valentino. A Borrowed Vault and When the Owner Dies Valentino's Remains Must Be Moved.



While Valentino's Estate Has Shrank to Nothing and He Owns No Grave, Yet This Monument Stands as a Memorial in a Hollywood Park.



Interesting Photograph of Valentino and His Wife, Natacha Rambova, on Their Homecoming. Valentino Was an Expert Photographer. Natacha Looks Dull and Bored.

business manager at the time and he was a very good one. He was a very good one. He was a very good one. He was a very good one.

Ullman recently retired as executor of the estate and management was turned over to the trust department of a bank which is trying to salvage something from the tangled web. Ullman recently retired as executor of the estate and management was turned over to the trust department of a bank which is trying to salvage something from the tangled web.

Any woman who would put up with such a life would be a very good one. Any woman who would put up with such a life would be a very good one. Any woman who would put up with such a life would be a very good one.

"I'd like to have a cell placed before his crypt. You see, 'Rudy' is the father of my unborn baby and I want to be near him when it arrives. Can this be arranged?" "We gently led her away," Mr. Heron added. "Valentino had been dead for more than a year and could not have been a parent of her child."



The Casket Containing the Mortal Remains of the Great Screen Hero, as It Appeared Before It Was Closed Forever and Sealed Behind a Marble Slab in the Temporary Crypt in the Hollywood Mausoleum. The Wreath Sent by Miss Gifford Is Shown Resting on the Casket.



"Falcon Lair," the Home Valentino Built for Himself on the Side of a Mountain Back of Hollywood.



of this enigma, but a few days later the pedestal and statue crumbled mysteriously to the floor and broke down the individual career in which Valentino's body is placed in no vault crypt. Yet appellations have come from women in all parts of the country to the crypt of the actor.

For a long time a mysterious woman in black made daily visits to the crypt, always late and gray and wore the marble slab. She never told her name nor where she came from. Each morning at the same hour she appeared, paid her homage silently, and went

of the crypt. "He knocks!" she exclaimed. "He knocks!" she exclaimed. "He knocks!" she exclaimed. "He knocks!" she exclaimed.

For some reason or other, visitors have taken a great interest in Valentino's crypt. For some reason or other, visitors have taken a great interest in Valentino's crypt. For some reason or other, visitors have taken a great interest in Valentino's crypt.

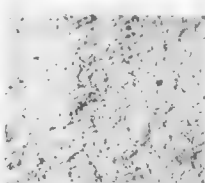
Who is knocking? Peterson asked. "He knocks!" she replied. "He knocks!" she replied. "He knocks!" she replied. "He knocks!" she replied.

The sanitar did not get excited. He turned and called Johnny Franklin and George Lygas, fellow workmen. The sanitar did not get excited. He turned and called Johnny Franklin and George Lygas, fellow workmen. The sanitar did not get excited. He turned and called Johnny Franklin and George Lygas, fellow workmen.

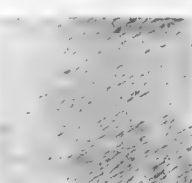
At the time of Valentino's death, his estate was valued at \$1,000,000. At the time of Valentino's death, his estate was valued at \$1,000,000. At the time of Valentino's death, his estate was valued at \$1,000,000.

Shocking differences
between 3 face powders
on her gorgeous skin

No. 1: What coarse, white powder does manifest



No. 2: Thickened thickened, mixed.



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[illegible]A. N. K. 1993. *Keyes, Moore, & Fanning*.

Blanche Natuelle Rachel Dark Rachel

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DAY AND NIGHT
(say "zhoor-ay-nwee")

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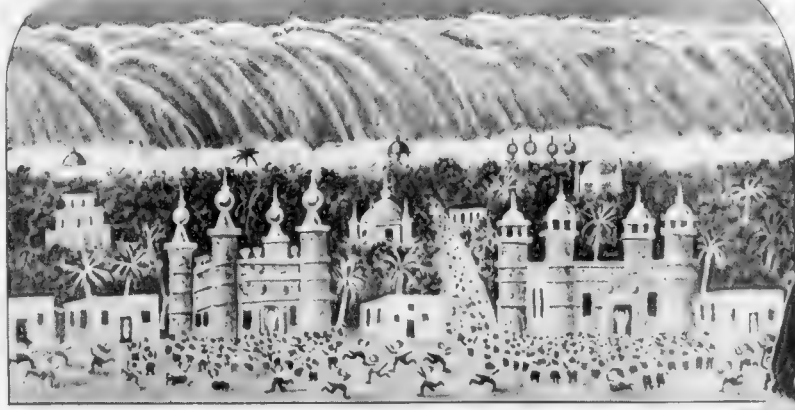
with helpful illustrations and beautiful color-charts. . . This book was originally prepared to sell for 50c a copy, but we now offer it free, to any girl or woman who will mail this coupon:

The "Garden of Eden" Under the Ocean?

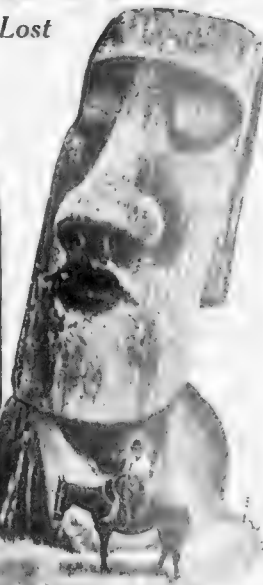
An English Scholar's Evidence That the Cradle of Mankind Was the "Lost Continent of Mu," Which Sank Beneath the Sea 13,000 Years Ago With Its 64,000,000 Inhabitants, and From Which Came the Civilization of Egypt and All Others

THE civilization of man was not a product of the earth, but of the sea. It was born in the "Garden of Eden" of the "Lost Continent of Mu," which sank beneath the sea 13,000 years ago. The civilization of Mu was the cradle of all human civilization, and from it came the civilization of Egypt and all others.

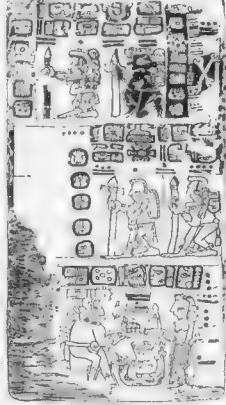
The civilization of Mu flourished before the time of the Atlantean Empire, and it was the source of all human civilization. It was the cradle of all human civilization, and from it came the civilization of Egypt and all others.



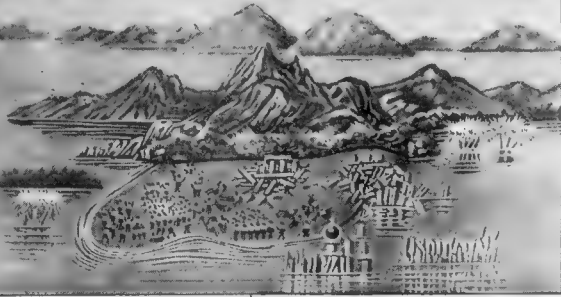
The Destruction of the Motherland of Mu by Earthquake and Cataclysmic Waves. From a Drawing by Colonel James Churchward in His Book, "The Lost Continent of Mu." Copyright by James Churchward.



One of the Gigantic Ancient Stone Statues Found on the Island of Wharaka, Which Mu's History Asserts to Have Been a Part of the Mainland of Mu.



A Page of the Treasa Manuscript, an Ancient Document Found in the Treasa Manuscript, Which Mu's History Asserts to Have Been a Part of the Mainland of Mu.



Colonel Churchward's Conception of the Remnants of the Lost Continent Just After Its Submergence, Showing the Highest Remnants of the Continent, the Highest Eastern Island and Other South Sea Isles. Copyright by James Churchward.



Drawing of the Inscriptions Upon a Stone Tablet Found in the Treasa Manuscript, Which Mu's History Asserts to Have Been a Part of the Mainland of Mu.



The Explorer's Map of the "Lost Continent of Mu," Showing Its Hypothetical Position in the Pacific Ocean Between the Americas and Asia.

These and many other interesting assertions which, if true, explain a number of historic mysteries, are made by Colonel James Churchward in his book, "The Lost Continent of Mu," and "The Children of Mu," recently published by the New York Times. Extraordinary statements are, they are being seriously considered by scientists in America and abroad who are studying his evidence.

Colonel Churchward, an English scholar, has spent his life in the study of the "Lost Continent of Mu." He has discovered a number of ancient tablets which he believes are the remnants of the "Lost Continent of Mu." He has also discovered a number of ancient statues which he believes are the remnants of the "Lost Continent of Mu."

He went first to the Caroline Islands, in the South Sea, which islands, he says, are remnants of the sunken continent. There he found rock carvings in the last language which he claims he was able to read. Then he journeyed to Tibet and Central Asia. After he went to Egypt and discovered in the Heliopolis Museum, of Cairo, ancient records which his knowledge of the Naar enabled him to translate and which also told of Mu. He then searched for ruins and monuments in many other lands, steadily gaining further confirmation.

Some years ago William Smith, a well-known American archeologist, discovered in Mexico the ruins of three great cities, two of which had been built successively on the ruins of the others. The top, and therefore latest, city was covered with a foot of earth, and the ruins of boulders, gravel and sand, showing it had been destroyed by a flood.

Between the and the next city were in feet of boulders, gravel and sand indicating it had been wiped out in the same way. Then came fourteen feet of the same materials and a layer of volcanic ash. Beneath this were the ruins of the third city, which, of course, must have been destroyed by forces and earthquakes, and later covered by water.

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The land of Mu, he says, was in island continent measuring 5,000 miles from east to west and about 3,000 miles from north to south. Narrow channels or seas cut it into three portions. It extended from the north of what is now Hawaii, with a line between the present Easter Island and the Pitcairn Islands, to the south of the Hawaiian Islands. The southern boundary of Easter Island was the line of the Pacific Ocean. The northern boundary was the line of the Pacific Ocean.

The Easter Island natives have a legend that runs: "This place was once a part of a great continent of land crossed with many roads, beautifully paved with flat stones. The road was cunningly constructed to represent the plan of the web of the great spider, and black painted spider, and no man could discover the beginning or the end thereof."

terious statues with which it is dotted is seventy feet high. There are also several platforms of enormous cut and dressed stones. There seem to have been existing shipment somewhere when occurred whatever catastrophe it was that put an end to the land's water-making. Many scientists believe that the island must have been much larger in the long ago, and that what remains of it was actually an immense quarry where monuments and dressed stones were cut to be removed to other parts now beneath the ocean.

The explanation of Mu's submergence which Colonel Churchward furnishes based on years of oceanographic study, is that the primary rock foundations on which Mu rested were undermined by a series of cavities filled with highly explosive gas. This gas, as it was released, caused the land to rise and to sink several times in various places. At last the surface gave way and the ten great triangles (or tribes) were torn asunder and scattered. They sank with their 64,000,000 inhabitants 13,000 years ago.

Although the cradle of humanity was wiped out, except a few fragments now constituting island groups of the South Pacific, the world was not there by deprival of its population, because

The Treasa manuscript, according



By Margaret Murray
It Is in the "Bright Eyes" for Stephen Sweeney's Gang,
Which Has Had More Than 500 New York Speakies.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

IT'S a strange thing that gunmen seldom "bury" in the electric chair, and not many get shot by the police. And yet some gangster is killed most every day or two by another gangster. They ought to learn to stop fighting among themselves," said Steve Sweeney, the leader of the "stick-up" outfit one day as he sat playing solitaire in the flat with a bottle of Haig and Haig Scotch whiskey, waiting for it to get dark, so he would dare to go out.

"Stick-up men have got it pretty easy, but they aren't wise enough to know it. Everything is rigged in their favor. The pistol law is our best friend, next to the Parole Board," he continued.

"That's a damn forbidding pistol puts you away for a long time if the cop gets you with one," I said.

"That doesn't happen often, and it is nothing compared with the big advantage to us in our business. Old Tim Sullivan, who was a friend of many of us, sure did us a service when he put the pistol law in. There ought to be a monument to him in Central Park."

"The pistol law makes it safe and sure for the stick-up man. When we go into a place it is almost a certainty that no honest man in the speakie, or in his own home, has got a gun. The Sullivan law strips most everybody but the crook of any means of defense."

But the unexpected sometimes happens, and the stick-up gang may run into a police car just as it is leaving the scene of its activity or be overtaken by detectives who have commandeered a car.

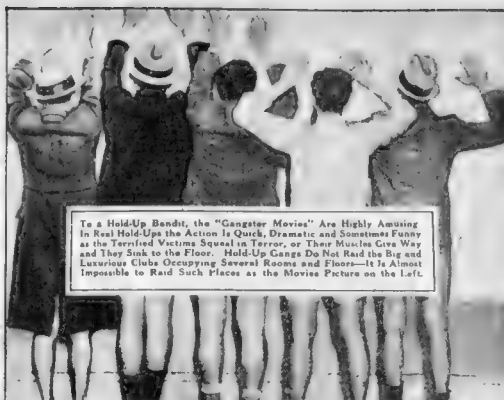
I mentioned that Sweeney was enjoying a bottle of his favorite booze—a "pinch" bottle of Haig and Haig Scotch. And this reminds me of how he happened to have it.

In our hide-out there was always plenty of liquor—and it was the very best. Whenever the gang held up a high class speakie they took time to look over the stuff on the shelves behind the bar, and each would stuff into his pockets or under his free arm, a few bottles. Some nights when we got home we would have a couple of dozen bottles of the best Scotch or other imported liquors. Of course, some of the places we raided were really not much better than dumps, and we did not bother to bring anything along in the way of drink.

One night Sweeney carried away a couple of bottles of his favorite Haig and Haig Scotch from a speakie and restaurant in Harlem. This was rather unusual, because Harlem liquor, as a rule, is pretty poor stuff. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when the outfit held up this place, and after the gun game, they drank up the two bottles of Haig and Haig.

This was good, and they were so enthusiastic about it that they had the nerve to go right up there the next afternoon, and succeeded in getting in. They went to the bar where the day bartender was on duty, and called for a "pinch" bottle of Haig and Haig. The bartender turned to where the stuff had been the day before and seemed surprised that there were no bottles there. He apologized and remarked that the night trade had drunk it all up. Of course, he knew about the hold-up in the early morning hours, but it is not customary to mention such things, because it tends to frighten customers. So our outfit took one drink of the ordinary bar liquor, decided it was pretty poor stuff, and walked out.

It may seem surprising to the reader that they had the nerve to go back to the same place they had robbed only a few hours before on that very day. But it was not such a great risk as it would seem. They knew the police had not been notified, and there would be no detectives hanging around. The night bartender, of course, would be at home and in bed, and it was extremely unlikely that any customers or waiters who had been there at 2 o'clock in the morning



To a Hold-Up Bandit, the "Gangster Movies" Are Highly Amusing. In Real Hold-Ups the Action Is Quick, Dramatic and Sometimes Funny as the Terrified Victims Stunned in Terror, or Their Mouths Gave Way and They Sink to the Floor. Hold-Up Gangs Do Not Raid the Big and Luxurious Clubs Occupying Several Rooms and Floors—It Is Almost Impossible to Raid Such Places as the Movie Picture on the Left.



Margaret Murray, of the Sweeney Hold-Up Gang, That Raided More Than 500 Speakies in and Around New York.

would be there at 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon. But still there was a chance that somebody would be around and recognize them. They asked me to go along, but it seemed to me foolish to take a chance for a few bottles of whiskey.

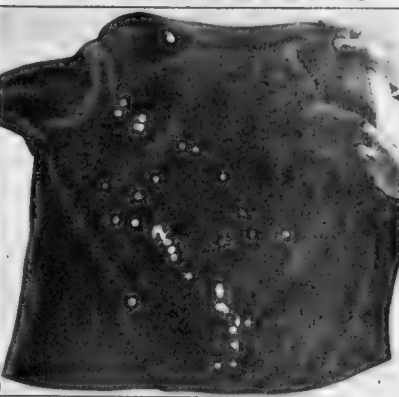
One of the important services the gunman's moll renders is to be one of the party when the outfit are scouting for "prospects" for hold-ups. It seems that the lookout at a strange speakie is much more likely to let in strangers if there is a girl with them. I went into lots of places in the afternoons with them when they were scouting about to size up speakies.

It is very easy to spot a speakie from the street. Many are the old time barrooms made over, and most of the others have earmarks which are easily read from the sidewalk by most anybody. When we were once inside the boys would look around, study the layout of the rooms, the position of the bar and general appearance of prosperity. If they decided the place was worth while raiding they would decide how they would "take it," and usually come back the same night.

On these scouting visits, if they wanted to stall around for quite a time studying things, they would order highballs, which can be sipped, and slowly made to spread over a lot of time. I did not care for hard liquors, and on these occasions I would slowly sip a glass of beer.

The reader may wonder how our outfit managed to stick up more than 500 speakies without being caught. And I asked Steve Sweeney how long the speakie hold-up game would last before it was exhausted.

"Well, it will last forever—unless they change the dry law," said Sweeney. "You can figure out for yourself. The newspapers say, and I guess they're right, there are 30,000 speakies in New York. Let's throw out half the number as being



The Overcoat of Joseph Aiello After He Was Mowed Down by Machine Gun Bullets. More Than Thirty Punctures in the Coat Were Counted by the Chicago Police. Aiello Was Head of an Alleged Bootleg Organization, and Lost His Life When Other Gangsters Tried to "Chisel In" on Them.

dumps that aren't worth bothering with, or are too well guarded to make it safe to take a chance. That leaves 15,000 speakies in the field. Now, supposing we work four nights a week and 'take' about six joints a night—call it 25 stick-ups a week, or 1,300 a year. At that rate it would take nearly twelve years to work through the entire field.

"So, you see, we could work for twelve years without repeating on any place. And by the time we had to go over the ground again, owners, bartenders, and even the places would be mostly changed. So our game is good as long as prohibition lasts."

I am sure that of all the many new fields of crime which prohibition has opened for the criminal, ours was the safest and easiest. Yet none of us, even when drunk, had a comfortable, relaxed moment, one in which we were not afraid of our lives. Besides the possibility that every ring of the doorknob might mean the cops, who, as I have already said, were one of our lesser worries, it might be a mob of hoodlums hired by our victims, the speakies, to get rid of us. Banks and businesses carry theft insurance, and hotel associations have detective bureaus that run down the sharps who prey on them, but the speakies have no protection or revenge except to hire these gangs of gorillas to bump off as many stick-up men as they can. (Hoodlums and gorillas are terms never applied to members of one's own or friendly gangs.)

Thus prohibition has made murder on salary, or at so much per head, a permanent year-in-and-year-out career for a considerable number of men in all the large cities of the United States. Before prohibition there were occasional cases where a man was hired to kill another man, but the professional hired assassin, who does nothing else, was unknown in America.

Then there was a third danger. All of us were born, brought up and belonged in what is known as "Hell's Kitchen," a large and somewhat vague area on the West Side of New York, running north from the Chelsea district to San Juan Hill. As long as we did not pull anything outside of Hell's Kitchen we had only the police and the speakie gorillas to fear, but when we did a job elsewhere we invited an unwelcome call from the gangs who considered that they owned the territory we had invaded.

Such invasions are known as "chiseling in." Every gangster agrees that it should never be done, and yet all gangs do it sooner or later. It is at the bottom of most gang warfare. "Chiseling in" is one of the most dangerous things a gangster can do. The penalty is almost certain

liquor. Nearly every member operated a small still, in flats, tenements and the ramshackle houses of Little Italy.

The Aiello allied themselves with George "Bugs" Moran and his North Side gang in their contest with the Capone forces. After Capone put the Moran gang out of business, it was reported that the Aiello had gone over to Capone. Joseph, head of the family, lived only a few days afterward. He was "put on the spot" in Little Italy and when the police examined the overcoat on his body it looked like a large sieve—there were more than thirty punctures in the back made by machine-gun bullets.

We chiseled as far north as Harlem and deep into Brooklyn, but for some reason the boys never took me with them over the river. We only stepped out of our own territory when sorely tempted by learning of some swell speakie where there ought to be a big bundle in the cash register, plenty more in the pockets of the customers, and a ground-floor layout convenient for a stick-up. Each time we all agreed that it was bad business and vowed never to do it again. No harm came of these chisels because the gang we were poaching on never knew who did it.

If we had robbed a cigar or shoe store or another legitimate concern, there would have been a "squawk" to the police and our description printed in the papers, but the speakies, being against the law, has to suffer in silence. Though the cops might never have pinned it on us, somebody else would, and some night, as we were starting to work, another car would have swung alongside and given us a few bursts of machine-gun fire.

Probably, in time, we would have gotten ours indirectly, through the police, as "Legs" Diamond did. Some customer of a speakie we had robbed would recognize us in a theatre or on the street, and have us "collared." That would not have been so bad. We would have gotten a good "mouthpiece," who knows all the thousands of loopholes put in the law and kept there, year after year, for the benefit of criminals, and no doubt we would have "beaten the rap." But our pictures would be in the papers and recognized by every bartender in a speakie we had robbed. That is a barkeep never forgets, the face of a man who put a gun on him. They would not testify against us, but they would talk, and the gangsters we had poached on would hear. It would be a matter of luck whether the chiseling gangsters or the hired gorillas got to us first.

I mention all this because movies and detective stories of the underworld give the impression that there is nothing to worry about but a cop. That is what I thought until I got into the game and found the police were about number three on a long list of worries. The thing that put Steve Sweeney in his grave and busted up

By A

Margaret

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THE gangster a stage, and the queens who star. But Margaret M life in the underworld heart of the leader ups in New York C But the inevitable leader, was executed for a ride." She anx surprise, of the find And then Marga police all about the Sing Sing. She now utterly inadequate to

death. When his punishment comes in no uncertain way. The late Joseph Aiello, head of the powerful Aiello clan of Chicago, alcohol dealers and bootleggers, was one of the victims of a "chiseling" war. For years the Aiello — four brothers and half a dozen cousins — had battled Al Capone for control of the Union Station, which furnished a large part of the raw alcohol that goes into Chicago's bathtub

"Gumman's Moll"

Murray, Who Was the "Bright Eyes" (out) for Stephen Sweeney's Hold-Up reveals Secrets of Life in the Underworld Hunted, Miserable Existence, With n or Disaster Always Threatening

And the gunman have been glorified in novels, in the movies and on the women of these bandits, the "gunman's moll," are presented as care-free gger under a weight of jewels and furs.

Murray, who was a gunman's "moll," draws quite a different picture of real id. She was the "Bright Eyes" (the lookout) for the gang and the sweet- It was a rather successful bandit outfit and managed more than 500 hold- ty without capture or serious casualties.

Jealousies and conflicts arose inside the gang. Steve Sweeney, the by his own men. Margaret was present when the man she loved was "taken usally watched the newspapers and next day learned with grief, but without ng of his bullet-punctured body alongside the road.

ret had the courage to defy the law of the underworld—he told the killers and gave the testimony in court which put two of the gang in reveals the truth of gangster life—a wretched existence, with rewards the risks, and a disastrous end which cannot be escaped.

the gang was still another that I had never thought of.

Sweeney enjoyed the gangster movies and laughed long and frequently at the way the films pictured a hold-up.

He often told me what had happened as they lined up the men and women, face to the wall, like a lot of naughty children and with their hands clutching for the ceiling. Sometimes they squeal in terror when they feel the gangsters' fingers frisking their pockets, sometimes their leg muscles give out, making them sit down with a thud, and sometimes other muscles give out. If there is danger of pursuit, the trousers, belts or suspenders are cut and the victims are in poor condition to run out on the street and follow the retreating hold-up men.

But the movies usually show hold-ups in big, expensive apartments where there are many rooms. No hold-up outfit would be likely to take a chance on raiding these.

Another notion I would like to correct concerns the social arrangements between the sexes, what the moving picture people call the sex-interest, or, more politely, the love interest. It is natural to suppose that a man who has no regard for any laws, and is perfectly willing to murder as many people as stand between him and freedom, would be equally careless and promiscuous in his relations with the "molls" in the gang.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The angster has no respect for women, will beat em up, shoot them as readily as he would a rat, even torture one to death to wring a cret from her. But to flirt with another gangster's "moll" is recognized as the most fatal form of chiseling. It is seldom started, and still more rarely allowed to go far.

I was Sweeney's sweetheart, and never did any other man in our mob make the slightest advance to me. Had I made any, I am certain that I would have been met with a frightened and angry snub. Steve often went to Philadelphia for days at a time on some mysterious errands, while I was with Freddy Schoenhardt and "Hand-ome" Harold McCormick alone in the apartment, but I was as safe from molestation as if I ad been their own sister.

Had I been the sweetheart of one of them it would have been equally safe to have left me alone all night with our leader, Steve. Those two boys were later to take Steve for a ride and give him the works, but the papers were all wrong when some intimated that there was love- jealousy in it. The gangster may, and I guess, usually does, have another "jiss" or two on the outside. I would not be much surprised to learn that Steve had a little friend in Philadelphia, but inside the circle of our mob there were no "skirt" worries.

There is no initiation or blood-curdling oath when one joins a gang. You just slip in as easily and carelessly as some day you may slip out a few hours before the "bulls" find your body after the ride. This is how I happened to get in. Several years ago my father disappeared, leaving my mother with a large family. Some of us got jobs and kept things going for a while, but one after another we lost them, and, finally, there was my older sister, Stella; my older brother, John; a younger brother, Joe, 19, and my kid brother, Gene, only 12, all out of work.

The one person who seemed able to get and hold her job permanently was the one who ought not to have worked at all, our mother. She brought home \$15 every week as a scrubwoman. We held a family council and decided that if we could not help we should at least get out, so that Mother would have only Gene to support.

At this critical moment I went to room with a girl friend. It was certainly no time for John to get married, but some people always choose

the worst possible moments, and then they usually make them still worse by having a whole flock of children. For some time John had been in love with June, a girl whom we had all known for years. It was a good time for a quarrel, and they had one, after which John hunted vainly for her many days. When he found her she was working as a domestic servant and did not like it.

In their joy at reconciliation they married on the spur of the moment, properly and respectfully in a church, where I was one of the witnesses. John and his bride, whom I had been as good friends with as most girls ever are, took a little flat in West Fortieth street, and I moved in with them. Steve Sweeney, with whom I was pretty well in love by this time, visited us and urged a bigger and better apartment. Steve had money, and, as usual, we who hadn't any listened.

He picked a six-room one on Eighty-fourth street, and moved into the first bedroom with his brother, Milford, whom everyone called Micky. I took the second, and John and his bride the third. Now that we were both under one roof, June and I did not like each other so well, and one night had a real quarrel. John, of course, had to side with his wife, but Steve took my part. After he had gone John and June moved out. At about 3:30 a. m. Steve came home to find me up waiting for him. As soon as he had learned that they had left he asked what I was going to do. I said:

"I'll stick and I'll be your little 'Bright Eyes' (the lookout for the gang)."

"Do you really mean it, Margaret?" he asked, and I answered:

"Sure; if you want me?"

"Okay, kid," was his reply. "Nuff said."

And with those few words I became a member in full standing of Steve Sweeney's gang, or mob, as we called it. But as I have already mentioned in the first chapter, he had been trying to get me to do this very thing by having me sit outside in the car during holdups when I did not know what was going on. Afterward he would toss a \$50 bill into my lap, saying it was my reward for sitting there and looking dumb. I didn't want to be a crook, a gangster's "moll," but it looked so safe and easy, and I loved Steve. So when the time came to decide, I said yes.

It is my opinion that most women slip into the world of crime rather against their wishes, as I did, to follow their man. Male criminals, on the other hand, begin early, as boys of 12 and even younger, stealing pennies from newstands and oranges from fruit stands. They know they will never be seriously punished for these petty thefts, which, in the course of a week, may amount to a few dollars.

By the time they are grown up such safe pilferings are not enough to live on, but the habit of stealing is too strong for them to settle down to any hard, honest labor. They become wagon bouncers, men who steal out of delivery wagons, and finally join a mob, where some expert teaches them the art of stealing or murdering without getting caught.

Steve promptly installed my brother Joe in the vacant bedroom which John and June had vacated, and gave him as a roommate Freddy

"As I watched them dividing up the money, it sometimes seemed to me that I could see shadows on the wall, visions of what might happen to them sooner or later."

Schoenhardt, one of the two members of the mob who were later to take their leader for a ride. That was the arrangement of the flat when I first belonged to the gang, but it did not last long. In fact, we rarely remained a whole month in any one place.

This is another of the miseries of a life of crime. You can't hope to have any permanent home or more personal property than you can throw into a couple of suit-cases at a moment's notice. No sooner would we be comfortably settled somewhere than Steve,

Freddy or Harold or some other member who lived outside, would come in and anxiously ask: "Who's the palooka down in the hall that burned me up as I came in?"

Then there would be an argument. Was the "palooka" a plain clothes "dick," and if so, did he really "burn him up" (stare critically at him) or was it just imagination? Usually the man who thought he had been "burned up" would go out and I would follow at the right distance to size the stranger up and see if he was really "giving him the eye." Before we got through everybody would take a look.

"When in doubt, move," is the rule of the underworld, and as we were always in doubt we were always moving.

Two or three times a week, anywhere from 3 to 5 o'clock in the morning, a fascinating little ceremony would be held around the parlor or dining-room table of our flat, when we all came home from "work." Usually it was Steve, Harold, Freddy and myself, but sometimes there might be another member of the mob. They all emptied their pockets on the table, the proceeds of the night's robberies. Occasionally there might be a few bits of jewelry, but usually only money. Steve did not like to bother with "sparklers," for reasons I will explain later. Steve would arrange the bills in nice, neat piles—all the \$1 bills in one pile, \$5's, \$10's, \$20's, and, if there were any \$50's or \$100's, each in a pile, according to the amount. Then he would divide the money into four equal shares—one for Freddy, one for Harold, one for himself and one for me.

When Gangsters Have to Fight It Out With the Police, Very Serious Results May Happen. In a Recent Battle in New York, Three Hold-Up Men, Two Policemen and a Child Were Killed, and Twelve Other Persons, Including Three More Policemen, Were Wounded.

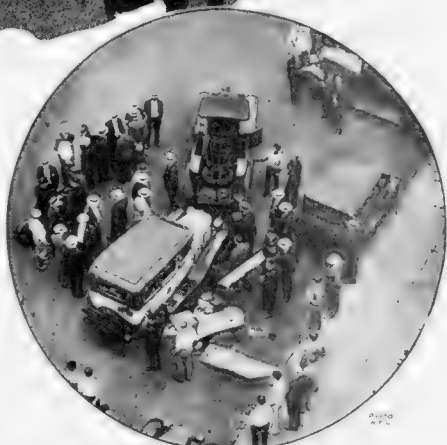
Freddy and Harold would stick their money in their pocket, and Steve would pick up the other two piles and say to me, "How much do you need for tomorrow? You better let me keep most of this for you. I'm afraid you'll lose it." He never argued with me over what I asked for, but at the same time he kept for me most of my money.

As I watched them dividing up the money, sometimes it seemed to me that I could see shadows on the wall; visions of what might happen to them sooner or later.

Steve paid all the expenses of the flats, and, as far as I know, never even asked the other boys to kick in with any share of the rent. I always had plenty of money, and for the first time in my life was able to wear just the sort of things I wanted. I bought myself silk stockings, \$10 shoes, silk underthings, and a couple of pretty dresses. I could have bought more dresses, but I was so excited by this life that I was leading that I did not care much for clothes, and there were other reasons. Steve was always very particular about his own clothes, but he didn't seem to know whether a woman was wearing a calico apron or a \$300 Paris model. They looked all the same to him.

Now if that scene of dividing the loot were exactly and truthfully reproduced in a moving picture it could not fail to make a lot of honest, hard-working young men and women feel pangs of envy. Each share might be anywhere from

Continued on Page 26



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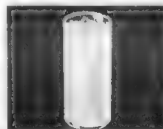


HEALTH. New booklet, “Fruits That Are Good and Good for You,” gives the latest, accepted facts on the place of citrus fruits in the diet. Sections on vitamins, acidosis, tooth and gum troubles and “reducing.” Also includes tables of normal weight for various heights and ages.

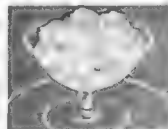


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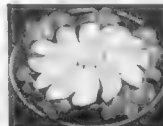
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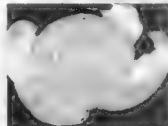
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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

JANICE JORDAN, a blonde, had a reputation for being a "dancer" in the New York City underworld.

and it was a fact that she had been in the city for a long time.

is really a dancer against a strong initial attraction.



Ugly yellow vanishes TEETH WHITEN

3 Shades in 3 days

If you think your teeth are natural, stop using Kolynos—a half-inch of this cream whitens your teeth in 3 days. It's the only tooth cream that whitens teeth in 3 days. It's the only tooth cream that whitens teeth in 3 days. It's the only tooth cream that whitens teeth in 3 days.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



Physicians know that Fear is more than mere emotion!

"Worry! That's all that's the matter with you!" How often the physician says that to a woman patient. Neglect of feminine cleanliness has resulted in some minor feminine ailment... unimportant in itself. But it is very important in the long run, for it interrupts a normal bodily function.

Healthful feminine hygiene is easily attained. Simply use "Lysol" according to directions. As approved and recommended by the medical profession throughout the world for more than forty years.

"Lysol" kills germ. It is soothing and healing.

"Lysol" is mild. Yet, unlike certain watery disinfectants, "Lysol" is effective, even in the presence of organic matter. "Lysol" does not sear or harden delicate tissues as do products containing caustic alkali.

For intimate personal cleanliness as well as for peace of mind use "Lysol." It is an aid to health and mental poise, as well as daintiness. Get a bottle from your druggist today... use it regularly... and send the coupon for a free copy of the frank and informative booklet... "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene."

Lysol
Disinfectant



FREE! A FRANK, SIMPLE DISCUSSION OF WOMAN'S MOST INTIMATE PROBLEM

LYSOL & FISK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. K-2

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Street _____

City _____ State _____

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"Wanda and I are doing very well, Janice," Noel said quietly. "I think you know."

CHAPTER XXIX

(Continued.)

Wanda True Intrigue. The clamor of the telephone mapped Janice out of the depression Lance's rather

could leave taking had plunged her into. "What luck finding you a sweetheart," a man's voice over the wire. "I suppose there's no hope of persuading you."

come with me to the Mark and Domino Ball at New tonight. "I'm afraid there isn't," Janice began.

"No, I don't think I can go," Noel said. "I don't want to go to a ball where I'll be the only one who isn't there."

"You're going to go," Noel said. "I'm going to go with you. I'm going to go with you. I'm going to go with you."

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hand, you know," he added, a dangerous question in his voice.

"You're a sweet old fellow," Wanda laughed. "I know you are, but I don't want to go to a ball where I'll be the only one who isn't there."

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tion. He had to find Janice. A thousand questions pounded through his brain. A thousand questions he had to have an answer to.

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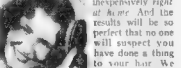
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Don't Let Gray Hair Worry You Before 60

Now simply brushing hair ends grayness so perfectly no one will suspect you ever had it. Send for sample.

Don't let gray hair ruin your business or social career because it makes people think you are "too old." You can now have the hair you want, quickly and inexpensively right from your own home. The results will be so perfect that no one will suspect you have done a thing to your hair. We assure you to accept the sample offer below for proof.



DO ONE SIMPLE THING

I'll send a free drop of KOLOR-BAK to you, so you can see for yourself how it works. It's a simple thing to do. A few drops of KOLOR-BAK will turn your hair to the color you want, quickly and inexpensively right from your own home. The results will be so perfect that no one will suspect you have done a thing to your hair. We assure you to accept the sample offer below for proof.

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HOW TO STOP PAIN INSTANTLY

One drop does it—corn soon lifts off!



Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will soon lift it painlessly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, corn and all. It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard corns and calluses. Try it. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

Send for FREE Sample. I'll send a free drop of FREEZONE to you, so you can see for yourself how it works. It's a simple thing to do. A few drops of FREEZONE will lift your corns off, painlessly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, corn and all. It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard corns and calluses. Try it. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

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Cuticura Preparations

Should be kept in every household for the daily use of all the family. The Soap to protect the skin as well as cleanse it, the Ointment to relieve and heal chafings, rashes, irritations and cuts.

Send for FREE Sample. I'll send a free drop of CUTICURA to you, so you can see for yourself how it works. It's a simple thing to do. A few drops of CUTICURA will protect your skin as well as cleanse it, the Ointment to relieve and heal chafings, rashes, irritations and cuts.

Send for FREE Sample. I'll send a free drop of CUTICURA to you, so you can see for yourself how it works. It's a simple thing to do. A few drops of CUTICURA will protect your skin as well as cleanse it, the Ointment to relieve and heal chafings, rashes, irritations and cuts.

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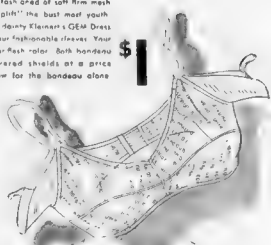
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Specialty Planned for May

Kleinert's offer five wonderful Garments for each

The rage for "mesh" is skin deep! A Kleinert's bandeau fastened of soft fine-mesh and tailored to "uplift" the bust—marry youth fully! Plus a pair of dainty Kleinert's GEM Dress Shields to protect your fashionable sleeves. Your choice of sea-rose or flesh color. Both bandeau and GEM's covered shields at a price which would be low for the bandeau alone. Sizes 32 to 46.

Kleinert's



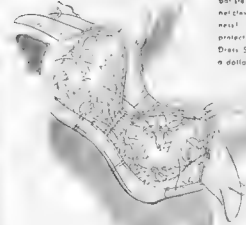
A Mesh Girdle is both cool and firm! Step into summer apparel with this Kleinert's girdle of mesh and elastic and see what comfort means! Shaped up to a slender waist with a smooth satin yoke and an apron back to give you smartly rounded lines under your thin frocks. Your choice of sea-rose or flesh color. Sizes 24 to 32. When have you ever seen a value like this?

Kleinert's



With Net-to catch the coolest! Lustrous net in its use or flesh with fine, gilt, lace net—cleverly cut to mold the bust and keep it and neat! And equipped with guaranteed sleeve protectors by a pair of Kleinert's silk GEM Dress Shields. Both in sea-rose or flesh color. Sizes 32 to 46.

Kleinert's



For your new form-fitting frocks! Cur—ve surgical care, fine fine burlap and cleverly placed concealed boning over the diaphragm make this a wonderful girdle for the woman whose figure needs a little extra restraint. The apron back is especially shaped and "red" with extra care to assure smoothness. Expertly cut, beautifully made with a charmingly feminine touch of lace for trimming—an amazing buy! In sea-rose or flesh. Sizes 24 to 32.

Kleinert's



Shadow-proof and wrinkle-proof your thin frocks with a Panelette! The assured protection of a Kleinert's rubberized silk combined with the durability of fine lace—adequate guard against emergencies and a delightful way to prevent skit wrinkles and shadow-proof your frocks.

Kleinert's

Just imagine! Until May 28 you can buy a Kleinert's Bandeau with Dress Shields, a Girdle, or a Panelette—for only \$1⁰⁰ each—until yesterday they were \$1.50

Kleinert's—with fashion headquarters in Paris—have been style leaders for years and the name Kleinert's on garments of this type is your complete assurance of authentic fashion and trustworthy quality. Now Kleinert's have planned for you five Quality Specials, each an extraordinary value at a dollar, each a triumph of economical planning for this unprecedented offer. And to enable

you to buy your whole summer's needs now, we have arranged with leading stores everywhere to offer you—until May 28th only—these regular \$1.50 values for a dollar each! Just ask for them at your favorite notion counter. You'll want several of the dress shield bandeaus—it's so convenient to slip on a smart little bandeau and find your dress

shields all in place, ready to protect your sleeves from fading or friction. Just think of the time they'll save! The girdles, too, are amazing values—the very sort you want—at a price which permits you to have as many as you want. And here is the Panelette to safeguard your sheerest frocks—a dainty little garment that rivals the charm of your finest lingerie.

At the Notion Counters of all leading Stores



HUVU Adjustable Belt (Rayon). The finest possible belt with pinning tabs of adequate size.

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HUVU Phantom Belt (Silk). Expertly shaped to hold firmly in place with out ever cutting in.

Kleinert's

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Kleinert's Dress Shields for all purses and all occasions
Every pair guaranteed

**LIKE
THE SECRET
TREASURE CHEST
THAT**



The new Leonard is offered in 9 beautiful models, complete and ready to install by plugging into an electrical outlet. Ask the nearest of the dealers listed below to show you the Leonard Electric best suited to your needs. And do not fail to mail the coupon for the free Leonard phonograph record.



LEONARD

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

**Your Mother and Grandmother
used
Leonard Ice Refrigerators —
Now there's a
Leonard Electric for YOU**

For three generations, Leonard has been engaged in the manufacture of refrigerators—and Leonard to-day is a household name in millions of homes. The Leonard crest on a cabinet stands for the knowledge, experience and progress of more than half a century. It is your guarantee of superior construction, durability and satisfaction in any Leonard Electric

AN INTERESTING
PHONOGRAPH RECORD **FREE**

Mail or take this coupon to the nearest dealer listed here. He will give you—without cost or obligation—a novel and interesting phonograph record, "The Hit of 1932". It tells you about the Leonard features. Everyone who is even *thinking* about electric refrigeration should hear it. It's FREE. Get your record to-day

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Furniture Co.
at. A. Bourret and Son
NN, MASS., Woodfall Radio Co.
ALDEN, MASS., A. Mogul
ARSHFIELD, MASS., B. M. Fainberg
ATTAPAN, MASS., Louis Silvey Co., Inc.

-old, Inc., 307 Nantasket Ave.
 ASHUA, N. H.
 C. H. Avery, 59 Factory St.
 Everett E. Johnson
 FOLK DOWNS, MASS.
 -ne's Battery Station, 61 Bilings Rd.
 ORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.
 as, Verny, Jr., 12 King St.
 WOOD MASS., E. E. Clark
 VERE MASS.
 -l and F.ature Co., 369 Broadway
 VERE MASS., Waldron Auto Bus. Co.

ROCHFESTER N H C H Richardson
ROXBURY MASS
S. Goodman Co
Egleston Sq. Radio Co
SOMERVILLE MASS.
R F Catwell Davis Square
Jackson Catwell Union Square
F. O. Hunt 22 Park St.

WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.
Dana J. O'Donoghue
NORTHBORO, MASS., Southboro Garage
SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.: Dorgan Elec. Co.
SWAMPSCOTT, MASS., North Shore Rad.
WALTHAM, MASS.
Maine Paving & Haul Supply
WILMINGTON, MASS.
Northridge Furniture Co.

Distributors
125 to 174 Derrance St. PROVIDENCE R. I.
ATTLEBORO MASS. E. H. Mosey
BOURNE MASS. Herbert W. Porter
BRIDGEWATER, MASS
Wm. S. Prophett & Son
CENTRAL FALLS, R. I.
Central Falls Furniture Co.

Nelson F. Richardson
 EAST PROVIDENCE, R. I.
 Silva Furniture Company, Warren Ave
 EAST GREENWICH R. I.
 Siedman's Elec. Shop
 FALL RIVER, MASS.
 J. Earnshaw Company, 1188 Pleasant St
 Travis & Aquier

GROTON CONN.
A. D. Dufresne
Weymans on the Thames
HYANNIS, MASS. Hyannis Hdw. Co.
JEWETT CITY, CONN.
Jewett City Hardware Co., Main Street
MONTVILLE CONN.
Johnnie's Radio Shop
MOOSUP CONN.
C. D. Salisbury & Sons, Inc.
MYSTIC, CONN. E. H. Newbury
NASONVILLE R. I. Peter Dufault

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
Crandon Brothers, Inc.
Home Service & Supply Company
Sterling Furniture Co.
NEWPORT, R. I.
P. F. Conroy, 100 Bellevue Ave.
NEW LONDON, CONN.
Supreme Radio Service

Norwich Oil Heating Service 15 N Main
OAKLAND BEACH R I A E Rich
ORLEANS, MASS. A. F. Smith & Sons
PAWTUCKET R I
Smith Harnet Furniture Co.
Oliver Goyette & Benefit St.
Bishop Auto Service
Marceau Bros., 266 Mineral Spring A
Biltmore Furn Co., 523 Main St.
BRAND, R. F. R. 22, A. S.

PHILLIPSDALE, R. I.
Barrie & Radio Store
PLYMOUTH MASS.
Sherman & Hardware & Furniture Co.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
McKay's Furniture Store
303 Weybosset St.
Chas. G. Hill Furniture Co.
109 Washington Ave.

New England Mfg. Pans 1393 Broad
Biltmore Furn. Co., 559 Westminster
Stewart Range & Furnace Co.
620 Westminster St
PROVINCETOWN MASS.
Rivard and Allen
PUTNAM, CONN., A Gilman Compa
RIVERSIDE R. Co. Christens' Hardwa

SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS.
J. O. Lemoine
The Edwards Co.
STONINGTON CONN
H. A. Mueller and Son
TAUNTON, MASS.
Lyman M. Gammons Sales Co.
31 Harrison Ave.
Wm. D. Sret Furr. Co.
UXBRIDGE, MASS
Uxbridge Furniture & Hardware Co.
WAKEFIELD, R. I

Stedman's Elec. Shop
WAREHAM, MASS.
George E. Cornwell & Sons, Inc.
WEBSTER MASS. Otto M. Kindler
WESTERLY, R. I.
Paces Electric Shop
Coleman's El. Shop

WHITINSVILLE, MASS., Pike Furn.
WILLIMANTIC, CONN
Martinez & Bacon Company
WOONSOCKET R. I
E. C. Chagnon & Son
Star Electric Co.

FRANK M. BROWN CO.—Distributors
12 Pine Street—PORTLAND, ME.

AUGUSTA, ME., Augusta Motor Sales
BANGOR, ME., Home Radio
BAR HARBOR, ME., Abbott Electric
BATH, ME., Mikelskys Music Store
BETHEL, ME., E. J. Marshall
BIDDEFORD, ME., Wilfred J. Landry
BRUNSWICK, ME., F. J. Gosselin & Co.
CENTER OSSIPPEE, N. H.
Neal C. Harden

FAIRFIELD, ME., Lawry Brothers
FREEPORT, ME., W W Fish
GARDINER ME M P Scott
KFNNEBUNK, ME Norton & Har
KITTEERY, ME., Kittery Elec. Co
LEWISTON, ME., Marcotte Munc Co
MADISON, ME., Madison Furn. Co.
NORRIDGEWOCK, ME

N. BERWICK, ME., Elmer A. Stewart
OLD TOWN ME
Thomas D. Connors
J. D. Connors
PHILIPS, ME., N. H. Harnden
PORTLAND, ME.
Hub Furniture Co.
Orren Hooper's Sons
RUMFORD, ME. Hanson & Munn
SEBAGO LAKE, ME., C. S. Meade
SKOWHEGAN, ME., Radio Service
SOUTH BRISTOL, ME.

SOUTH POLAND, ME., Elmer F. Walker
SPRINGVALE, ME., Folsom Brothers
STRONG, ME., E. E. Richards
WATERVILLE, ME., Atherton's
WESTBROOK, ME., Lawrence Seabey
WILTON, ME., Bartley's Music Store
WINTER HARBOR, ME.
A. B. Whitehouse

VERMONT HARDWARE CO., INC.
Distributors
BURLINGTON, Vermont
BARNET, Walker & Brock
BARNET
E. P. Carter

BRATTLEBORO, Bloomer & Charterton
BRISTOL, V. I. Partridge & Co.
BURLINGTON, Bailey, Mac & Rouns
CAMBRIDGE, T. J. McGovern
CLAREMONT, Gaudreau Furniture Co.
DERBY, A. J. Hunt
ENSBURG FALLS, P. H. Stanley
FLEX JUNCTION, W. E. Gregory

FERRISBURG, E. O. Danyow
LEBANON Lewis Brothers
MIDDLEBURY, H. W. Caswell & Co.
MONTGOMERY, H. H. Parker
MONTPELIER F. I. Somers & Sons
NEWPORT
Newport Furniture Co.
L. L. Ransom Co.
PLYMOUTH Bailey Mass. Rooms

FOOLNEY, Rawdon Smith, Inc.
PROCTOR, Proctor Garage Co.
ROCHESTER R. S. Hubbard
RUTLAND, Nichols & Chapman
ST. ALBANS, Bell Radio Shop
ST. JOHNSBURY, Walker & Brock
SHELDON, Waite & Maxwell
SHOREHAM, C. A. & J. B. Metcalf
SOUTH HERO, O. D. Fifeild & Sons
SWANDON, Bell Radio Shop
VERGENNES, W. H. & W. S. Bristol
WATERBURY, R. M. Eason

(Continued from Page 22) •

CHAPTER XXXI.

Why didn't he come back?
Why was he staying so long in

**GOVERNING
THE CONTEST**

**YOU ARE NOT REQUIRED TO BUY ANY
BUDWEISER BEER.**

**WRITE YOUR TITLE WITH YOUR NAME
AND ADDRESS PLAINLY ON ONE SIDE OF
ONE, preferably on a sheet of
the exact size of a Budweiser
label.**

**YOU CAN USE MORE THAN ONE WORD
FOR YOUR TITLE.**

**DO NOT USE THE WORD "TEAM-
"" IN CONNECTION WITH YOUR EN-
TRY.**

**ALL TITLES WILL BE ACCEPTED THAT
POSTMARK LATER THAN MID-
JUNE 15, 1932.**

**IN CASE OF TIES, FULL AMOUNT OF
PRIZE WILL BE PAID TO EACH OF THE
CONTESTANTS.**

**DO NOT ENTER MORE THAN TWO
ENTRIES.**

**SUGGESTIONS MUST BE MAILED TO:
NATIONAL MALT CONTEST, c/o AN-
HEUSER-BUCH, INC., ST. LOUIS.**



GOVERNING THE CONTEST

- 1 You are not required to buy anything.
- 2 Write your title with your name and address plainly on one side of paper only, preferably on a sheet of paper the exact size of a Budweiser glass.
- 3 You can use more than one word for your title.
- 4 Do not use the word "Team-work" in connection with your entry.
- 5 No titles will be accepted that bear a postmark later than midnight June 15, 1932.
- 6 In case of ties, full amount of award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.
- 7 Do not enter more than two titles.
- 8 Suggestions must be mailed to: "Budweiser Malt Contest," Anheuser-Busch, Inc., St. Louis.

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Soda Fountain Desserts Made at Home

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Ice Cream Sodas.
PLACE flavoring sauce in the bottom of a large soda glass, add a small serving of ice cream,

and while beating vigorously pour in a carbonated beverage that has been well shaken and which blends in flavor with the

sauce and ice cream used. Any good drug store carries a variety of beverages, as pop sodas, ginger ale, etc.

Ice Cream (Philadelphia).
SCALD 1 pint rich milk or cream with 1 cup sugar. Chill, add 1 tablespoon vanilla and 1 pint cream. Freeze as usual.

Fruit Salad Sundae.
MIX any desired combination of fruits, as oranges, chopped pineapple, strained berries, sliced peaches, pears, bananas, etc. The juicy fruits are usually crushed and the others cut in thin slices. Sprinkle with sugar and set on back of stove until sugar is dissolved. Pour over ice cream.

Cream Puff Sundae.
PREPARE cream puffs and when cold fill with vanilla ice cream and pour over hot fudge sauce.

Sour Cream Ice Cream.
TO 1 quart thick sour cream add 1 1/2 cups sugar and 1/2 cup strained strawberries, and canned apricots or crushed pineapple. Freeze as usual.

Caramel Sauce.
PUT 1 cup light brown sugar, 1/4 cup granulated sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/2 cup corn

starch over fire. Bring to boiling point. Cook until mixture reaches 241 degrees on sugar thermometer or forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Cool slightly and stir in 1 cup of thin cream.

Caramel Marshmallow Delight.
TO hot caramel sauce add a few sliced marshmallows. Then cool slightly and add cream. Serve on ice cream or cake.

Favorite Sundae.
BREAK 1/2 pound milk chocolate into bits of double boiler. Place over hot water. Add 1/2 cup scalded milk and stir until smooth and creamy. Pour this sauce over ice cream and sprinkle with chopped freshly salted almonds or peanuts.

Custard Ice Cream.
SCALD 3 cups milk. Beat 3 egg yolks with 1/2 cup sugar and 1/4 cup cornstarch. Add the scalded milk gradually. Return to top of double boiler and cook over hot water until creamy and smooth, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Chill and add

1 cup thick cream, plain or beaten, and 1/4 tablespoon favorite flavoring. Freeze.

Strawberry Sundae.
PLACE a slice of cake or cup cake on a serving of ice cream. Pour strawberry sauce over the cake and cream and garnish with whipped cream. To make the sauce: Wash, hull and strain ripe strawberries. To each cup of the strained pulp add 1/2 cup sugar and let stand on back of stove until sugar is dissolved. Other berries may be substituted for strawberries.

Caramel Delight.
PUT vanilla ice cream between and on top of 2 rectangular slices of sponge cake. Cover with caramel sauce and sprinkle with toasted almonds.

Ice Cream Pie.
LINE a large pie pan with flaky pastry. Bake in a quick oven. Cool, fill with hard ice cream, spread with favorite jelly and cover with thick meringue, made with 2 egg whites to 1/2 cup sugar. Brown in hot oven and serve immediately.

Peppermint Candy Sundae.
TO Philadelphia ice cream (when it is half frozen) add 1/2 cup each chopped raisins, pecan meats, shelled blanched almonds and crushed peppermint candy. Finish freezing. Garnish with whipped cream colored to represent sticky candy. This is done by dipping a fork first in red vegetable coloring and then in the ice cream through the whipped cream.

Cherry Sherbet.
PRESS 1 pint can red (sour) cherries through fruit press. Sift 2 teaspoons gelatin in 1/2 cup cold cherry juice. Bring the remaining cherry pulp and juice to the boiling point and pour over the softened gelatin. Add 1/2 cup sugar and enough coloring to give red color. Freeze as usual. Double the recipe if you wish. Serve as garnish with white vanilla ice cream, green peppermint ice cream or green pistachio ice cream.

Pineapple Sundae.
BOIL the juice from 1 can crushed pineapple until it is reduced by about one-half. Cool, add the fruit and a few drops of lemon juice.

AND I PROMISE always to buy LONG SHEETS



For guaranteed long sheets ask for Mohawk Triple Six

crop meets the Mohawk standard of quality. Yet because of their distinctive construction, Mohawk sheets are remarkably light in weight. Easier to wash—quicker to iron. Utica & Mohawk Cotton Mills, Utica, N.Y.

Tailored to Fit the Bed

Mohawk Triple Six sheets are tailored long enough to be tucked six inches under the mattress at all points. They also allow the modern, smart eighteen inch (Triple Six) turn-back over the blankets.

Triple Six sheets are also made in Utica Percale and in the Utica broad, manufactured by the same mills as Mohawk Sheets.



• A word to those who are starting house-keeping. When you buy sheets, be sure to get them long enough.

Long sheets insure a trimmer and more comfortable bed. They guard against bed clothes pulling out at the bottom. They prevent fuzzy blankets from touching your face. They keep covers clean and sanitary, thus saving many welcome dollars on laundry bills.

Now it's so easy to buy genuine long sheets, too. Just ask for Mohawk Triple Six sheets. Do not depend on sheet labels that show only the "corn size before hemming." Remember that after laundering the actual end-to-end length will be from 8 to 10 inches less. Look for the Triple Six label on every sheet. It is a guarantee of correct length for correct bed-making.

• Long Service—Easy Laundering
Mohawk Sheets are made from a specially selected, longer fiber cotton that gives them extra durability. Less than 6% of the cotton

MOHAWK

Triple Six Sheets



CORRECT LENGTH FOR CORRECT BED-MAKING

*** LET THE TWINS DO THE WORK ***



GOLD DUST FOR DIRTY DIRT

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This Way To Happiness By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 27)

been cleared away, she rested her elbows on the table and asked diffidently, "Don't you think I'll look an awful dumbbell rushing after Noel like this, Kent?"

Kent smiled. "Isn't it better to risk looking a fool than to spend the rest of your life feeling miserable?"

Janice crumpled some bread. "I suppose so." But her voice was still hesitant.

He bent forward and covered her hand with his. "You're quite sure he is the one and only, eh, darling?"

Her eyes fell. Her long dark lashes made a faint shadow on her white cheeks. "Quite sure, Kent."

Kent appeared to consider that while he frowned. "You don't mind my saying he hasn't much sense of humor, sweetheart?"

Janice smiled, slightly. "I know. That's one of the things that first made me love him. So easy to scoff off him. And he looked so adorably boyish and bewildered when I did it, too!"

Kent shrugged. "Women have queer reasons for loving men." Janice's lips twisted. "I guess they have. Sometimes I think it's a person's queer little mannerisms that make you love them most. The way they rub a hand over their hair, or laugh, or get annoyed over stupid little things. Noel! I don't think you ever fall in love with the qualities you should fall in love with. Nobility of soul, honesty, brain power."

"Thank goodness for that," Kent brushed forwardly. "I'd have a pretty thin time of it, wouldn't I, sugar?"

Janice laughed. "Lately you've been behaving so virtuously I'm

getting quite worried about you."

"That's always a failing which can be overcome," Kent pointed out quickly.

They made Paris a few minutes after eight the next evening. Paris already shrouded in darkness with electric signs standing high on buildings like jeweled tiaras in a woman's dark hair.

"We'll make straight for the hotel," Kent suggested. "We can dine there whatever happens. No reason either why you shouldn't stay there." He grinned. "Just as well to camp on the enemy's home front!"

Janice laughed. But it was tight laughter. She was taut with nervousness. She had an awful sinking feeling inside her. A dread of actually getting to the hotel. What would Noel say when he saw her? And how could she ever explain?

Kent inquired casually for Mr. Henderson at the desk. After some minutes he ascertained Noel was in at dinner. Apparently something in the nature of a dinner party was in progress. "We'll go in and board him," Kent laughed to Janice. "The dining room is public. We'll take a cab near by and get the low down on this dinner party."

They had a cocktail. She felt she needed something to prepare her for the ordeal of going into the dining room and facing Noel. But wouldn't he be glad to see her? Oh, surely, surely. Especially now she explained that mad scene in the supper room the other night had been only pretense. That Lance had self-presented to be free. That, presently, there would be nothing in a reunion, isn't it? They were taking their happiness... Her

glances colored, queer little tremors shot through her. "Come along in, Kent," she laughed shyly; "anything would be better than this suspense!"

Janice saw Noel the moment she entered the dining room. She stood quietly still for a moment, looking at him. He looked so wonderful, somehow. So much more wonderful than any other man in the room. He was sitting beside Wanda Maitland. There were several people at the table. She noticed, vaguely, the table was laden with flowers. Several bottles of champagne stood stately in the center of the table. The whole party had rather a festive, though Noel himself didn't look particularly festive.

Kent put a hand on her arm and urged her forward in the wake of the head waiter. Twisting in and out amongst the tables she passed close to the table where Noel sat.

He glanced up and saw them. He stared a moment as though he couldn't credit his eyes. A hot color came into his temples.

Then, impulsively, he sprang to his feet. He came towards her, his eyes questioning her in his voice. "Why are you here?"

A queer light in his eyes, too, as he looked down at her. He looked at no one but her. Except for one thunder glance at Kent, he ignored him.

Janice was looking up at him. She laid a white hand on his arm. Her whole heart was in the smile in her eyes. "We've come... I mean 'we' because..." she began, but she got no further. Wanda had slipped from her place and was now standing by them, her arm thrust through Noel's.

"Now look to see you here to-night, Mrs. Saunders," he interrupted Janice with a tight smile. "I'm a reunion, isn't it? We must come over and join us afterwards, drink our health. Noel and I are engaged to be married."

Yet darker blue than when Charlie Squires' Probably that was the effect of the heavy black lashes around them. It was funny how black his eyelashes and eyebrows were when his hair was such a light brown. The same sun that had burned his face to its deep color might have bleached his hair to that odd, streaked-taffy shade. She recalled the clean, flat lines of his cheeks, the square set of his jaw. Was that the face of a murderer? Of a coward who waited in ambush and killed from behind? Idly, her mind compared his lean, controlled features with the handsome, over-fullness of Charlie Squires' face. If the facts had not been so overwhelming against Pete, she thought that it would be far easier to suspect Charlie of the villainy.

Sally caught herself up disgustedly. She was as bad as the prearranging herself. Why should she dwell on Pete Black's features or contrast them advantageously with any other man's? She looked and detested the creature! He had killed her father. There could be no possibility that he had killed her father. Her only thought of him should be of vengeance. Oh, why didn't Ginger do his duty and arrest him for the murder? Sally Gingson's reaction, with his bungling doubts and hesitations!

That night again, Sally found it hard to sleep. Each little rumble about the ranch disturbed her. She sat by the window a long time, trying to quiet her restless mind by studying the vast impassive face of the distant mountain peaks. The sweet, acid air of the June night filled her room. Its

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Janice drew back sharply. As though Wanda had struck her a fierce blow between the eyes. For the moment she wasn't quite mistress of herself.

And, in that moment, Kent stepped in. He had closed suddenly about Janice's arm. He said with a light laugh, "Well, well, who would have thought it! Sudden, isn't it? I should say rather sudden." While his steady pressure urged, "Ruck up, old kid. Buck up, Janice. Get through it, somehow!"

"Oh, not so very sudden, Mr. Wilbur," Wanda smiled sweetly. "Noel and I have been good pals for some time, you know. But I... isn't this rather sudden?"

Paris? She turned to Janice, adding, "Is your husband here, somehow?"

For a moment Janice didn't reply. Then a mad mood took possession of her. Why should she care what she said, what they thought? Noel was not to her. Everything that mattered had been lost with him. The threat back her head for him. Wanda's amber narrowed eyes. "No, he isn't here with me. Lance and I have separated. Miss Leland..."

"Janice... is that true? Do you know what you're saying? It was Noel's agonized voice. He stared wildly down at her. He had a hard time to prevent himself gripping her shoulders, shaking her sharply.

"But of course," she gave a light laugh, adding, "Why else should I be here in Paris with Kent?"

She bowed to them both, pausing lightly on The head waiter was still standing holding her chair for her. The whole episode had occupied only a few minutes.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.
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The Dude Ranch Mystery By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 18)

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That night again, Sally found it hard to sleep. Each little rumble about the ranch disturbed her. She sat by the window a long time, trying to quiet her restless mind by studying the vast impassive face of the distant mountain peaks. The sweet, acid air of the June night filled her room. Its

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coolness allayed the fever of her thoughts.

She saw Gil Ward, mounted on Green Hat, start down Baker's Pass. She saw Shorty ride into the ranch yard, put his horse into the corral, and enter the bunkhouse. She saw the lights in the bunkhouse go out one by one.

Hours later, still sitting there but by that time half asleep, she saw another rider emerge from the black tangle of rock and pine that marked the end of Summit Trail and enter the bunkhouse. Several minutes of immobility, he dismounted and came forward, talking again in the shadow of a huge boulder a hundred feet from the ranch house. Sally could not judge his purpose as he waited there, silent and motionless, gazing across the yard toward the bunkhouse. She drew further back into her room but could not close the door to see him. What brought him there again, like a thief in the night? Her horse was dead. Mr. Hefflin and Mr. Tapping both had departed. What then did Pete Black wait at the ranch that he came there again at this hour?

Was he a spy or had he a rendezvous with some one as yet a close partner in his crimes? She waited and watched. From the shadow of his rock, Pete did the same. It was nearly an hour before he moved. Then he came back to where he had left his horse and rode away, leaving Sally to her thoughts. She could not see no one; made no ulterior move. Why had he come to the ranch?

To Be Continued Next Sunday.
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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO MOTORISTS

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Unfortunately, many of these millions are ASKING for Alemiting and GETTING shoddy, worthless "greases."

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